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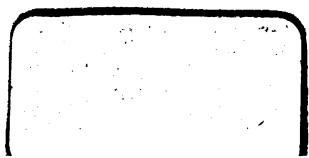
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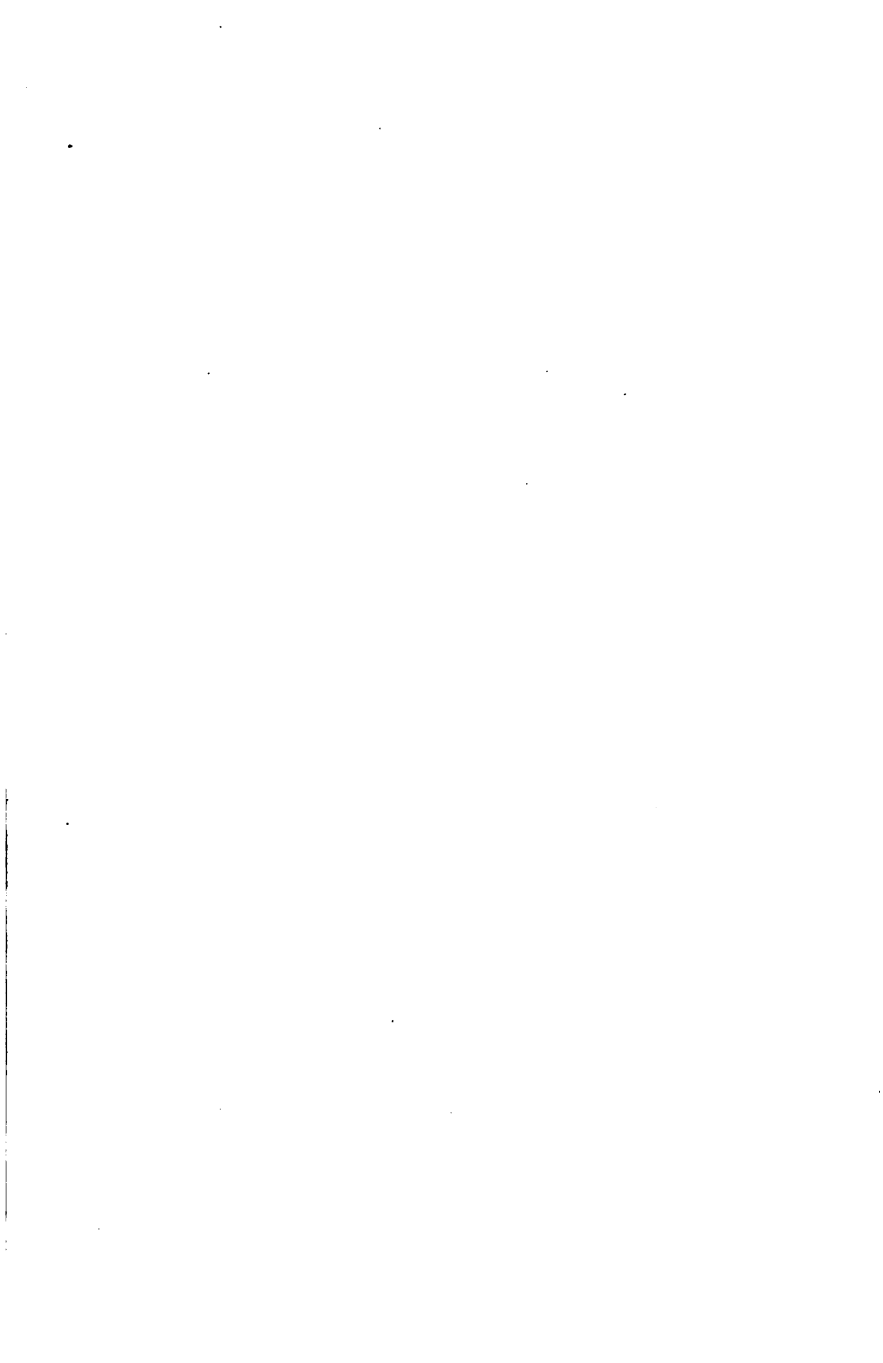
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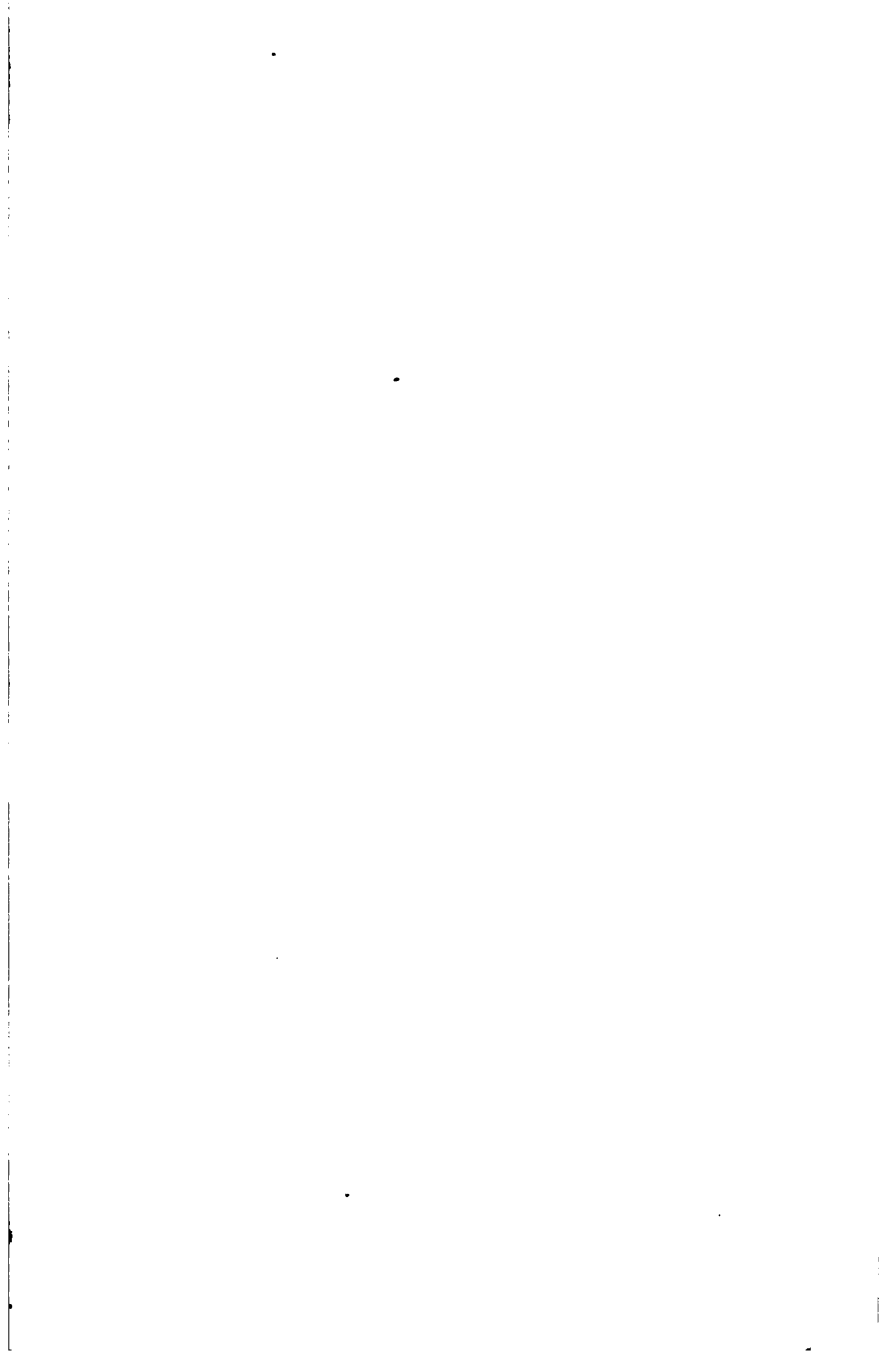
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Cordelia Elizabeth Moore.

929)

Voices of The Heart

A Book of Poems

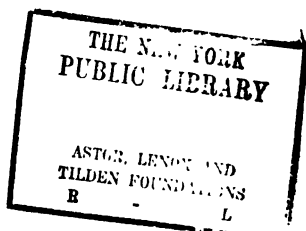
By

Cordelia Elizabeth Moore.
Little Rock, Ark.



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Publishers.
Louisville, Ky.

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**I ask not for worldly honors,---
I ask not for wealth or fame,
Only the power to write on friends'
hearts.
In letters of love, my name.**

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CORDELIA ELIZABETH MOORE.
1914.**

Dedication.

To the Beloved Friend who suggested to me the idea of writing verses as a source of pleasure and recreation when the dark shadows first began to fall across my pathway, and whose words of love and sympathy have gilded life's darkest hours, this volume is affectionately

Dedicated.

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"Our lives are like a half forgotten
strain
From some grand symphony which
sad and slow
Through memory's silent halls glides
to and fro,
Seeking its kindred harmonies, in vain.

Perchance we may find in after years,
In wanderings far, in weary quest,
Some kindred soul that fills our heart
with peaceful rest,
With love implicit, perfect trust which
hath no fears.

Voices of The Heart.

"SPIRIT LONGINGS."

When the hours of day are numbered,
And folded the wings of night,
Do I hear in the hush and the silence,
The foot-steps of angels so light?

I oft times dream that the spirits
Of loved ones gone before,
Around and about us hover,
Teaching our own to soar.

To a higher plain of living,
Reaching out for the good and true,
In lives where sin's dark mantle,
Has almost hidden from view

Living in deeds and actions,
And not by words, alone;
Helping the weak and fallen,
And comforting those who mourn.

12 *Voices of The Heart.*

In the depths of the oceans rich treasures

Lie fathoms below, unseen;

Let us search in hearts for the jewels,
That will sparkle 'neath love's bright
beam.

God will bless us in all our efforts,

For the uplifting of mankind,

Tho' our hearts be broken and weary,
His tenderest love will bind.

MUSINGS.

How wondrous fair art thou, O earth!
So deeply blue thy summer skies,
And sunset's gorgeous loveliness,
An artist's dream, as daylight dies.

Thy sylvan lakes, thy valleys fair,
Where notes of sweetest melody,
Float out upon the evening air,
Soothing the heart so tenderly.

So many aching hearts, how strange!
Amid thy beauties rare are found!
And oft the lips are wreathed in smiles,
Where breaking hearts give forth no
sound.

So many tragedies in life—
Truth, stranger oft than fiction
seems.
So time moves on with noiseless tread,
And soon will close life's feverish
dream.

THE MYSTIC HOUR.

'Tis the mystical hour of twilight,
And the distant chimes I hear,
As I gaze from my vine-wreathed win-
dow,
Dear chimes so sweet and clear.

The moonbeams about me are falling.
And the stars keep vigil on high,
As I dream of thee in thy distant home,
And each passing breeze wafts a sigh.

The rose-queen in the garden below
Leans on her emerald throne,
While the wandering zephyrs play hide
and seek,
Till the rosy hours of morn.

Tomorrow I must be gay, and none
will dream
That my heart is breaking the while;
Such is the lesson the world's ever
teaching,
We must hide our griefs with a smile.

But this hour is mine, I will dream of
the past,

Of thy love and devotion deep,
Each quivering thought in my breast I
shall hide.

May Our Father His loving watch
keep.

CLEMATIS.

About my window 'tis climbing,
 With its blossoms of snowy white,
And its beauty and its fragrance
 Give an added charm to night.

The moon-beams, the dew-drops are
 kissing,
 As they sparkle on tendril and leaf,
And our life seems touched with a light-
 ness,
 Ere the heart had ever known grief.

This hour of silence and beauty,
 Brings back the olden time,
When we sat 'neath the moon-light
 shadows,
 Of this dear, sweet clematis vine.

I wonder if in life's great battle,
 Does your heart ever turn to mine,
And long for that love and devotion,
 We pledged 'neath the clematis vine?

TWILIGHT HOUR.

The day is done, and dew-drops bright
Are kissing the roses sweet,
The Katydid softly calls his mate
With loving message to greet.

All nature rests, how calm the hour,
As I dream where flowers bloom,
And wonder if your life flows on the
same,
Since that twilight hour in June.

I know that mine ne'er the same will be,
As I dwell on days that are gone;
Of the blight that has fallen on my life,
For thou art afar, I'm all alone.

Perhaps 'tis best, yet rebellious thoughts
Are filling my soul with unrest,
The night is so long ere cometh the
dawn,
But Our Father knoweth best.

Be hushed my sad heart, this hour I'll
dream
Of happier days to come,
And try to say, what you taught me
dear,
"Not my will, but Thine, be done."

SUNSET.

"On the golden shores of sunset,"
See the crimson, amber clouds,
Nature smiles in all her beauty,
Ere the night, with mantle, shrouds.

On a couch of royal splendor,
Sinks the "King of Day" to rest;
Folds his rosy robes about him,
Brilliant pageant of the West.

Slowly fades the glowing sunset,
Then the twilight, when we dream
Of this life, what of the future,
Star of faith in mercy beam.

LILACS.

The fragrance of this sweetest flower,
In evenings quiet hush,
Brings back some tender memories,
This dear old lilac bush.

When life was all a blissful dream,
Ere youth's fond hopes were crushed,
Our hearts were blithe as birds in June,
As we played 'neath the lilac bush.

Long years, long years have passed
away,
And now 'mid the whirl and the rush
Of life's great battle do we pause to
think
Of those days 'neath the lilac bush.

MEDITATION.

I gaze on the evening's jewelled skies,
 I list to the whispering leaves,
 To the sigh of the soft summer breeze,
 And the night-bird's tender replies.

O stars, in your soft trembling beauty,
 Poetry of Heaven, our hearts you
 move

To read your leaves in letters of love,
 To find in life a joy and a duty.

"Beauty's eyes," star of "Love,"
 "Faith" and "Hope,"

Are ye called by the dwellers of
 earth;

Can ye tell us your secret of birth?
 Star of Faith, shed light where we
 grope.

Shine on, O stars, in your beauty smile,
 How deep earth's gloom, did no
 bright ray

Guide our wandering footsteps in the
 way

Of life Eternal, where is no guile.

'TIS ONLY A DREAM.

The years glide silently on, dear friend,
But to me, they centuries seem;
Your voice in loving tones I hear,
But ah, 'tis only a dream.

The twilight fades, and the twinkling
stars
In their softened beauty beam;
I hear again your familiar step,
But alas, 'tis only a dream.

The moon smiles down from the Heav-
ens above,
And I see, through her silvery gleam,
Your dear, dear face as in days of yore,
But no, 'tis only a dream.

Beloved friend, O, when shall we meet,
As we are gliding adown Life's
stream?
How I long for the tender clasp of thy
hand,
And to know that it is no dream.

TWILIGHT LONGINGS.

The shades of evening gently fall,
As silently through memory's hall,
Glide foot-steps from the spirit land,
And oft it seems a vanished hand

I feel, and voices sweet and low,
Come to me from the long ago.
O, heavenly Father hear my prayer,
And let me feel my loved ones near.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

From out the shadowy past tonight,
Across the silence of years,
There comes a voice of sweetness rare,
That soothed my childish fears.

An old familiar song awoke
Sweet memories of the past,
I feel my mother's fond embrace,
As if to shield from sorrow's blast.

The music of her low, sweet voice,
Was sweeter far to me
Than Prima-Donna's bird-like notes,
Far over land or sea.

Oh memories dear of her pure, gentle
life,
Like flowers perennial bloom,
Breathing o'er all the saddened years
Their fragrance and perfume.

TRUSTING.

Night is shrouding the earth with her
mantle,
And brightly the jewelled skies,
Gleam above me in all their beauty
To cheer us when daylight dies.

For this life, with all its blessings,
I thank Thee, O Father, mine,
Tho' my pathway lies in the shadows,
I know that some star will shine.

I know that when sad and lonely,
The voice of a friend I shall hear,
Whose words like a benediction
Fall on my listening ear.

A Friend Thou hast sent me, O Father,
When my heart with sorrows bowed
down,
To lead me from out the darkness,
And tell of a Heavenly crown.

**"SWEET SPIRIT, HEAR MY
PRAYER."**

A stranger I sit, in a church far from
home,
And a singer's sweet voice I hear;
How the song wafts me back to the long
ago,
"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."

In visions I see a fair young face,
With a voice full of pathos, rare;
In melody sweet, these words float out,
"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."

I'm dreaming again of her true loving
heart;
Of her grace, of her form so fair.
How my heart-chords thrilled to her
magic voice,
"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."

26 *Voices of The Heart.*

O memories dear, how ye waken to life,
As the stranger's sweet voice I hear,
When my heart's loved treasure sang
that dear old song,
"Sweet spirit, hear my prayer."

In the old church-yard, she is sleeping
today,
With her babe on her gentle breast.
I will ask her "Sweet spirit" to "hear
my prayer,"
'Til I enter the "Haven of rest."

Miscellaneous.



LIFE'S VICTORIES.

Oft times we grow weary and restless,
And murmur at trials which come;
Did no trials or conflicts befall us,
Would there be any victories won?

Should soft summer breezes and flowers,
And the glorious light of the sun,
Forever encircle our pathway,
Would there be any victories won?

Did love's star shine ever so brightly,
And no shadow should rest, not one,
Fond hopes fade away in fruition,
Would there be any victories won?

'Tis amid the valley of shadows,
When we grope in the darkness and gloom,
Where strength is born of suffering,
He giveth the victory won.

30 *Voices of The Heart.*

And sometimes, when the night is darkest,
Are life's grandest victories won,
When Our Father's love, as a mantle,
Enfolds His sorrowing ones.

And when life's battles are over,
And the dawn of glories to come,
Shall burst on our raptured vision,
We'll praise Him for victories won.

THE CHOICE.

'Twas night in the grand old mansion,
And all through the hall-way and
stair

Was the perfume of summer roses,
Whose fragrance filled the air.

In the library sat son and father,
Discussing what path should be
Marked out for this son of fortune;
Nor could each with the other agree.

The father, of course, was ambitious
For the future of his only son;
He would have him gather fame's lau-
rels
With a brilliant record won.

"I care not for earthly honors,
I care not to be renowned;
I would live that the world may grow
better,
To comfort, where fortune has
frowned.

32 *Voices of The Heart.*

"I would write," and the voice of the
speaker

In thrilling tones was heard,

"I would write for the soul's uplifting,

I would that men's hearts were stirred

"To grander and nobler actions;

And I would write men's hearts to
inspire,

To a higher and holier living;"

O, that this were the world's desire!

"I would write," and the voice grew
softer,

"To cheer hearts with sorrow bowed
down,

Whose lives have been full of anguish,

I would comfort wherever found.

"I would write to give strength to the
erring,

To turn from seductive paths;

I'd awaken some tender memories

Of a mother's love and prayers.

"I would write that the soul of another
Should be drawn to mine so much,
I would that the silent heart-chords
Should thrill to some magic touch.

"I would write, that I be remembered
By some kind and loving thought,
Tho' burdened with an untold sorrow,
My work shall be patiently
wrought."

"My son," and the gaze was tender,
And tears in the father's voice,
"May your life, indeed, be a blessing
In this, your noble choice."

"ALL SOUL'S DAY."

A MEMORY.

Of a fair Southern City I'm dreaming
today,

Where magnolia and orange trees
grow,

Where nature in languorous beauty
smiles,

And waters in musical rythm flow.

Where no frost chills the air, and the
roses so sweet

Bloom in all their beauty, this bless-
ed day,

And gentle hands wreath bright gar-
lands so fair,

To deck the tomb, on their loved ones
to lay.

O fair Southland City, when I first
gazed on thee,

The rainbow of Hope spanned the
future so bright,

I dreamed not of sorrows or trials to
come,

All days seemed to smile, my heart
was so light.

Time can never efface sweet memories
of thee,

How oft have I wandered 'mid thy
beauties so rare,
When life seemed a blessing, no shadow,
no cloud,
I sometimes wondered, "Was Eden
more fair?"

O, dear Crescent City, I shall oft times
dream,
Of thy bright, sunny skies and moon-
light's soft ray,
And sweet immortelles I'd lay on the
grave,
Of the heart's buried hopes, this All
Soul's Day.

O, God bless us all, and bless every soul
By sorrows oppressed, all who mourn
and weep;
Bless the aching heart that is longing
for rest
'Neath the daisies white, where the
dreamless sleep.

A SUMMER DREAM.

Summer is here, with her noon-tide heat,
 In her charming beauty dreams;
 And the purling brook is whispering
 low,
 Of meadows bright, where the sun-
 light beams.

On its mossy banks, in a shady dell,
 I lie in this cool retreat,
 With book thrown aside, I'm dreaming
 of you,

 Of a summer, a June time sweet.

One summer ago—how short it seems—
 Since I gazed in your dark roguish
 eyes;

They drooped 'neath my look, as I told
 of my love,

 My devotion, to the jewel I prize.

You may laugh, coquette, you may
 smile and tease,

 But I know that your love is mine,
 Since I kissed you, dear, by the purling
 brook,

 In the "Sweet old summer time."

A GOOD BYE TO THE OLD
YEAR.

Good bye old year, to your grief and
your sorrow,
Vanished hopes, your sighs and your
tears;
May the dawn of a brighter tomorrow
Light up the paths of the years.

Farewell old year, your weeping
For the loves of the long ago,
For the years where the mold is creep-
ing,
As time's cycle glides to and fro.

New Year, give us the dreams and fan-
cies
That fill with sweet joy our hearts,
As bright as a sunbeam that dances—
As hope to the soul imparts.

May our friends be more true and lov-
ing,
Giving to our lives a great joy,

38 *Voices of The Heart.*

By their acts and their deeds ever proving,
There's a bliss without alloy.

May we scatter seeds of love and kindness;
May we bind up the wounded hearts;
May we lean to the side of the friendless,
Wipe away the tears that may start.

SOUL'S FAREWELL TO THE
BODY.

Farewell, farewell, my own dear heart,
heart,
The hour has come when we must part,
I go into a world unknown,
And thou to rest beneath a stone.

Without thee, Oh, what will life be,
Thee, whom I love so tenderly,
Thy form shall I e'er cease to miss,
In that empyrean land of bliss.

GOD'S SWEETEST BLESSING.

Of all the blessings that brighten our
lives,

That charm away so much pain,
Are the loving hearts that bind us to
earth

In friendship's beautiful chain.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for hearts
that are true,

When shadows around us fall;
When some that we loved and trusted
grow cold,

And o'er our life hangs a pall.

We thank Thee for love that time can
not change,

But strengthens as the years go by;
For that love that gives our fainting
soul's faith

When dead hopes around us lie.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW.

I am gazing from my window
On the lovely scene below,
For there's nothing half so beautiful
As moonlight on the snow.

What peals of merry laughter,
As the sleighs dash to and fro,
And happy hearts throb faster
In the moonlight on the snow.

How sweet the sleigh bells tinkle,
How bright the roses glow,
On the cheeks of lovely maidens
In the moonlight on the snow.

God bless our children's future
Wherever they may go,
May their hearts remain unsullied
As the moonlight on the snow.

"I LIVE TO BE LOVED."

"I live to be loved," said a laughing
child,
As her curls she tossed with a charming
smile,
And a bird's note of joy floated out on
the breeze,
As the zephyrs played with the whisper-
ing leaves.

"I live to be loved," said a maiden fair,
As the moonlight played with her golden
hair,
For the roses smile 'neath the dewdrops
bright,
For joy of the maiden this summer's
night.

"I live to be loved," and the voice was
sweet,
"My heart's dearest treasure I long to
greet,
What would life be without him, what
would home?
Ah, I hear his footsteps, my darling,
my own."

MISSISSIPPI.

Dear native State where first the light,
Dawned on my infant eyes,
Where love and joy their vigils kept
And life a sweet surprise.

O memories dear, ye cluster round,
No matter where I roam—
My father's care, my mother's love—
My happy childhood's home.

And then my first great sorrow came—
My baby heart was crushed—
My father's goodbye kiss I felt,
In death his voice was hushed.

ONLY A MESSAGE.

The merry days have come and gone,
But lonely hearts, still throbbing on,
And lips are wreathed in smiles,
While happy thoughts the hours beguile.

My soul is sad, no love-tones low,
About my heart in cadence flow—
Some word from thee, I sigh to hear,
To tell me that I still am dear.

It seems my bark on some lone reef
Is being tossed as autumn leaf;
With rudder-broken, light gone down,
While furies rage and darkness frowns.

One word from thee, would quell the
storm,
Make glad my heart as sunny morn,
And earth and sky in radiance blend,
Only a loving message send.

"ETIDORPHA."

O, beauteous being, fair Queen of Love,
Thou comest to me from bright realms
 above,
Thy words are sweeter than the cooing
 dove,

Etidorpha.

Thou bringest hope to the sad, weary
 heart,
Thou healest the wound of the tempt-
 er's dart,
Thou soothest the pain of Life's bitter
 part,

Etidorpha.

Sweet spirit of Love, in the years to
 come,
Enter thou my life, make my heart thy
 home,
Calm its wild sobbing with arts of thine
 own,

Etidorpha.

O, without thee life would lose every
charm,
No joy in the thought of the morrow's
dawn,
I'd perish amid life's darkness and
storm,

Etidorpha.

Thy crown will sparkle with jewels so
bright,
All sorrow and gloom shall flee as the
night,
How the soul longs for that fair realm
of light,

Etidorpha.

ESTRANGEMENT.

How bitter words like an adder sting,
Benumbing the heart with pain,
The flowers of affection, droop and die,
Never to blossom again.

PEACE AND REST.

In a dear little cottage where the roses
bloom,

As they clamber o'er windows with
sweet perfume,

Soft whispers I hear in this "Isle of the
Blest,"

"Heart lay down thy burden, find
peace and rest."

'Neath the widespreading trees in the
old lawn swing,

I ponder and dream while memory's
wing

Wafts me back to the past when hope's
bright beam

Made life seem a sweet, enchanting
dream.

The carol of birds and butterflies gay,
Around and above me this bright spring
day,

Far from the madd'ing crowd I'm na-
ture's loved guest,

While my heart fondly dreams of peace
and rest.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

"Glory to God in the Highest,
Peace on earth and good will to
men,"

Sweetest words in song or story,
Announcing the Babe of Bethlehem.

And down through the years and ages
Still echoes this glad refrain,
And this blessed, blessed anthem
Encircles the world again.

May the burdens of life be lifted
From the hearts that are weary and
worn,

And souls full of anguish be strength-
ened

By trials which He hath borne.

Ring out Christmas bells in your glad-
ness,

Join in the grand acclaim!
Glory to God in the Highest,
Over and over again.

O, Holy Babe in the manger,
O, motherhood, sanctified,
For this Love that blesses all nations,
We praise Him, this Christmas tide.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

"Far out on 'Life's ocean' I'm drifting
today,

My bark is a wreck, and no pilot to stay
The danger that threatens, for the bil-
lows roll high,

No ray from the lighthouse, and the
breakers are nigh.

Oh brother, oh sister, hear the perishing
cry,

Let us up and be doing, for the night
draweth nigh;

"Throw out the life line," some sinking
heart

May take courage to live "Life's better
part."

Let us watch for the bark, from the
lighthouse on shore,

Keep the lamps trimmed and burning
'mid the ocean's deep roar,

May all souls hear that voice on land
and on sea,

That stilled the mad waves of "Sweet
Galilee."

SUMMER DAYS.

How lazily the cloudlets float,
And through the shimmering haze
We hear the low sweet monotone
Of dreamy summer days.

And deep within the greenwood place,
Where leafy shadows play,
We list to softer note of birds,
This dreamy summer day.

The drowsy hum of busy bees
Their winter store to lay,
And butterflies on gorgeous wings,
This dreamy summer day.

Could I but see thy face again,
Dear friend, so far away;
Earth would to me an Eden seem,
This dreamy summer day.

The warm clasp of thy loving hand,
Thy words "For you I'll pray,"
Come back to me with memory sweet,
This dreamy summer day.

MY THREE GRACES.

As I gaze upon your picture,
Your bright and winsome faces,
A dream of other days there comes,
My three sweet charming Graces.

Of your love and tender devotion,
Making life seem a lovely dream,
How bright shone the star of the future,
With her soft and radiant beam.

I dream of the hour of twilight,
When you gathered about my knee,
As I told you some sweet old story,
My charming Graces, three.

I hear peals of merry laughter,
Forms of childish grace I see,
As you scamper down the stair-way,
My charming Graces, three.

But no, I am only dreaming,
Your forms I may not see,
Your feet are treading life's highways
My charming Graces, three.

I wonder if amid life's pleasures,
Do you oft times think of me,
As I dream in the twilight shadows,
Of my charming Graces, three?

MORNING AT SEA.

Across the broad expanse of sea,
The rosy lights of morning break,
Behold "Aurora's" glittering train
As sea and sky to beauty wake.

The wavelets dance in merry glee,
Reflecting now, each radiant hue,
Of sky, and soft the breezes blow,
From summer lands impearled with
dew.

What beauteous charm, hast thou, O
sea,
From child-hood's morn to life's full
noon,
Like some dear friends from out the
past,
Whose mem'ry is like a rich perfume.

NO LETTER.

I hear the postman's whistle,
 I hasten to the door,
 He only hands a paper,
 No letter—nothing more.

O why this long, long silence,
 My heart doth vainly ask,
 Has writing now grown irksome,
 When once a pleasing task?

He does not know the pleasure,
 Or what untold delight,
 His letters always give me,
 I know, or he would write.

The day is sad and gloomy,
 But sadder still my heart,
 No tender, loving letter,
 Its sunshine to impart.

Perhaps he's sick and suffering,
 Lord keep him from all harm,
 O protect him from all danger,
 With Thine everlasting arm.

But why these sad forebodings?
 They fill my eyes with tears;
 I'll pray some loving message
 Shall drive away my fears.

WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

Waves of the ocean, as ye roll at my
feet,
Do ye bring me no message, no tidings
sweet
Of him who sailed o'er thy billowy
main,
Of the "white winged" message that
comes not again?
How sad is thy song, restless waves of
the sea,
Can ye whisper no word of comfort to
me,
To cheer my sad heart, at his long de-
lay,
Whose coming would make night seem
glorious day?
I read his dear letters, how I prize
The flowers he gathered 'neath Italia's
fair skies;
How each line breathes of love and de-
votion deep,
Eolian airs seem my heart-chords to
sweep.

54 *Voices of The Heart.*

O waves of the ocean, bring him back
to me,
How I long for his coming, his dear
form to see,
And I know sighs are wafted, o'er the
billows and foam
To the loved one, who is waiting re-
union at home.

SUNSET AT SEA.

Too lovely for words, in silence we
gaze,
The world seems aglow with the
sun's last rays,
The waves seem tinted with rose col-
ored gleam;
Sea and sky blend in this beauteous
scene!
We dream these cloudlets are "isles of
the blest,"
Where earth's sorrowing ones shall
ever find rest,
Breezes of "Araby" seem fanning our
brow,
And golden the fruit that hangs from
each bough.

SUMMER RAIN.

I love the patter, patter,
Against my window pane,
With its low and rhythmic music—
This gentle summer rain.

O, rainy days of summer,
How sweet the spell you cast,
For memory backward wanders
Mid day-dreams of the past.

How bright the rain-drops sparkle,
On roses hearts impearled
In the west rich crimson banners
Seem now to be unfurled.

And see! the brilliant glory
Of the departing sun,
Beaming in summer splendor,
That tells the rain is done.

O, this life with clouds and sunshine!
Its dark, sad days of pain!
May God's love and tender mercy
Fall sweet as summer rain.

SPRING'S AWAKENING.

How wonderful are nature's smiles,
When spring in robes of green
Bedecks her hills and valleys fair,—
A paradise earth seems.

And songs of birds in rhythmic tune,
Do greet our hearts each day,
And rose-queens on their emerald
 thrones,
While laughing zephyrs play

"Hide and seek" amid their leaves,
While humming birds sip the sweets,
From golden hearts mid shining sheen
Beauty all our eyes doth greet!

Is spring a type of what shall be,
When life's sweet dream is over?
After the darkness and the gloom
We'll reach the shining shore.

THE OLD HOME.

Loving friends welcome me to my dear
old home,
As I gaze into their faces I dream
Of other and happier days which
seem,
Sweetest memories I've ever known.

I pause beside the gate, where in days
gone by,
I watched for the coming of dear
ones now gone;
My eyes grow misty with tears,
alone, alone,
On earth's gentle breast my loved ones
lie.

In the new house of worship, I kneel in
prayer,
And dear loving spirits of other
years,
Seem to hover about me, and with
blinding tears
I ask Him for strength each trial to
bear.

58 *Voices of The Heart.*

I kneel beside the spot where my loved
ones sleep,

And tender mem'ries of by-gone
years

Crowd thick and fast, and through
sobs and tears,

I lift my heart in thankfulness deep—

For His love that sustains me, for His
tender care,

Through all the years of the past
which have fled,

To let me again scatter flowers o'er
my dead,

"In that Haven of Rest may we meet,"
is my prayer.

ACROSTIC.

Gone, but not forgotten, O Gifted One
of earth,

England may well pay tribute to thy
departed worth.

On other hearts than hers, the news
falls with chilling weight

Remembrance oft will bring to mind
thy lessons with love, freight;

Goodness and strength to resist the
tempter's power

Ever has been thine aim amid the dark-
est hour.

Each one who has read "The Mill on
the Floss,"

Long ponders and wonders how little is
dross.

Living yet is the passionate love thou
hast drawn,

Intense in its power till life shall be
gone.

O surely no pen could portray what
thine hast,

Till sorrow had touched, then loved on
to the last.

A GOOD-BYE.

Fair "City of Roses," in visions and
dreams,
Thy beauties I oft times will see;
So full of delight was my visit to
thee,
A sweet oasis, in memory seems.

Fair "City of Roses," dear friends of
the past
May I claim a place in thy tender
love?
Tired as the wings of the wandering
dove
I pray that sweet rest I may find at the
last.

Fair "City of Roses," I bid you good-
bye,
And memories dear of sweet loving
friends
Cluster about me as the heartbeat
sends
A fond farewell with a tear and a sigh.

TRYING FORTUNES.—A
REMINISCENCE.

On a bright May morning, we stood
 round the well,
 May, Lou and Bess, my three dearest
 friends,
With a large lookingglass to mirror its
 depths,
 And, O, what a charm this mystery
 lends.

Each one took her turn to gaze in its
 depths,
 With the mirror balanced over the
 well,
When lo, could be seen the face of her
 king,
 When in palaces of love they should
 dwell.

My time came the last, I could not be-
 lieve
 It was really a face they could see;
Imagination I was sure played a part,
 Yet I wondered if a vision would
 come to me.

62 *Voices of The Heart.*

As I looked down a vision met my gaze,
A face full of thought and of noble
 mien,
And his dark, soulful eyes were lifted to
 mine,
 "Is this an illusion and do I dream?"

I mentally queried, as it faded from
 sight,
 "She has seen a ghost," in one breath
 they cried,
For the laughing jest from my lips had
 fled,
 The tremor in my voice I tried to
 hide.

Long years have passed since that fair,
 sunny morn,
And the gay, laughing girls, whom I
 loved so dear,
Their loved ones have found in the
 journey of life,
Who will soothe and comfort should
 sorrows draw near.

Have I found my King? In a chair by
my side

Sits the man I honor, love, trust and
obey,

And the years will bring joy and glad-
ness to me,

For 'twas his face I saw on that first
day of May.

BIRMINGHAM.

O magic City of the South, we do not
dream
How dear thou art till far from thee
we roam,
Thy lakes, thy dells, thy beauties rare,
Our sunny South-land home.

Fair City of the South, what subtle
charm
Enchains our hearts to thee
We scarce can tell, perchance there
floats,
Some tender memory.

What pleasures we find in reunion
with friends,
With the friends of long ago,
Tho' a shadow oft falls when a dear
face is missed,
As we are treading old paths to and
fro.

.

THANKSGIVING.

Lord, if into a starless night we gaze
And hope seems wandering 'mid the
 misty haze
Of doubt and gloom, and dark the roll-
 ing tide,
Yet we thank Thee for Thy love that
 will abide.

Lord, Thou hast veiled the future from
 our eyes;
Life's sunny morn, so fair with bright
 and cloudless skies;
No whisper of the coming winters' blast,
Yet Lord, we thank Thee for all Thy
 mercies past.

UNKIND WORDS.

Did we dream, when those words were
uttered,

What a sting they oft impart,
How sharp, like a poisoned arrow,
They pierce the loving heart?

We forget that kind words, and gentle,
Will win where the harsh ones fail,
Cruel words made the heart more bitter—

Leave a slime like the serpent's trail.

God has given us kindly natures,
But oft times the thorns and the tares
Sap the life of the seed that was planted
And we reap a harvest of tears.

Did we know the anguish and heart-
aches

That are caused by unkind words,
I am sure we would speak more gently,
And our angry passions curb.

LINES ON SEVERING HOME
TIES.

I leave thee, dear room, where sweet
thoughts were born,
In the evening time and the early morn,
When my soul was lifted to a higher
sphere,
And the spirit of loved ones seem so
near.

Tomorrow I go to another home,
Tho' oft times my soul has been sad and
lone,
My heart still clings to the spot it first
knew,
That intense longing for the high and
true.

May the songs of my heart give comfort
to some,
May they breathe a prayer for the sor-
rowing ones,
Whose life is so clouded that scarcely a
gleam
Of hope lights up, life's feverish dream.

68 *Voices of The Heart.*

Tomorrow may bring peace to the
troubled heart,
Scatter darkness and gloom and bid
them depart,
With the eye of faith may we look to
Him,
And feel His dear presence, tho' by us
unseen.

A GREETING TO OKLAHOMA.

We greet thee today, fair land of the
West,
Amid thy beauties may the heart find
rest;
Find in life's duties a surcease from
care,
Tho' we oft may repress a falling tear.
Meet is thy name, "Oklahoma"—
"Fair-Land,"
Thy rolling prairies where a lavish hand
Hath scattered His blessings so far and
wide,
That strangers are charmed with thee,
to abide.
Thy flower-decked bosom, thy sunset
skies,
Thy moonlight so fair where soft starry
eyes,
Gaze lovingly down from their far away
home—
We wonder if e'er we shall wish to
roam.

Great is thy future, fair land of the
West,
Where once, only the foot of the red
man pressed—
Thy history will be written for coming
ages,
And romance and pathos, will blend
in its pages.

LINES TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Standing with reluctant feet,
"Where the brook and river meet,"
May the years that come to thee,
Be full of sweetest prophecy.

Sweetly gleams the future bright,
In thine eyes a softened light,
May the radiant star of love,
Guide thy feet to realms above.

THE AWAKENING.

From some sweet dream I seem to
wake,

And then, across my soul there comes
Benumbing every power of thought,

Griefs molten lava leaps and runs,
Burying from sight the bliss of years,

Those days of blue and summer skies
While Love with wounded, drooping
wing

Low at my feet in anguish lies.

TO IDOLINE ON HER WED- DING DAY.

I would wish for thee, fair bride of
June,

That loves fair flower shall ever bloom,
Fond hopes in full fruition blend,

Rosy thoughts their sweet enchantment
lend.

72 *Voices of the Heart.*

May thy life be sweet as a poet's
dream,
Thy bark glide gently down life's
stream,
May no tempest gather or rude winds
blow,
Only joy and pleasure thy heart e'er
know.

May he, to whom thou hast given thy
heart,
Be true to his trust, live well life's part;
May his love and devotion thy heart
ever cheer,
Making earth Eden when he is near.

May love's star for thee, shine pure and
bright
Through all the years with gladsome
light,
Heaven's richest blessings ever be thine,
And faith gild the hours at evening
time.

A MEMORY.

Amid the scenes of yore I wander,
And violets bloom beside my feet,
While spring is gliding into summer,
Yet thy loved form I shall not meet.

Long years, long years have past away,
Since that fair, sweet morn in June,
When I bade you good-bye, little
dreaming,
'Twas the last this side of the tomb.

I do not speak thy name—too sacred
For stranger's ear, so dear to me,
Within my heart's sweet sanctuary,
Encircled with love shall be.

THE OUTCAST.

On the church doorsteps, in the cold,
 winter's dawn,
 Knelt a form, with face so fair,
A tender babe to her heart she pressed,
 And her lips seemed moving in pray-
 er.

But no, those lips never again will
 speak,
 For the spirit of mother and child,
Have passed away to the great be-
 yond—
 No sheltering home, from the night
 so wild.

Gently they lift her, no name, no clue,
 To the wanderer amid the City's din,
Lured from home, and her love betray-
 ed—
 Who the betrayer, and whose the sin?

"One more unfortunate gone to her
 death,"
 These words the world may repeat,

But who can say God's love was not
 found,
 As she knelt at her Savior's feet.
Lord give us strength, that we lead no-
 ble lives,
 And the mantle of charity throw
On others faults, that we help the weak,
 And list to their cries of woe.

GOD'S ACRE.

God's acre to me—a dearly loved spot,
Where'er I may wander will ne'er be
 forgot;
With its great trees, with its grass so
 green
Where the sunlight falls with a tender
 gleam.
Where my loved ones sleep, where the
 flowers bloom,
Where the summer breezes waft their
 sweet perfume,
Where the mocking bird trills his twi-
 light note,
And nature's music on the air doth float.

76 *Voices of The Heart.*

No costly monument lifts its head
But simple tablets to tell where the dead
Are sweetly resting at peace from life's
 woes,
Where pain ne'er disturbs their calm
 repose.

Is it wrong to mourn for our loved ones
 gone?
When the shadows fall and the way
 seems long?
And we long for the sound of a voice
 that is still?
May God forgive if we question His
 will!

When my footsteps grow weary—life's
 journey done,
May some kind angel lead my spirit
 home;
Let my body rest where my loved ones
 lie
'Neath the Greenwood trees and the
 bright blue sky.

Love and Devotion.

LOVE'S OFFERING.

Ah, can I dream the years may bring
 Some loving words, some praises
 sweet;
And should Fame's laurels e'er be mine,
 Dear friend, I'll lay them at your
 feet.

You came when darkness spread her
 wings,
 No ray of sunlight pierced the gloom.
Your words of comfort, love and hope
 Made earth's joys seem all abloom.

Your voice awoke the secret depths
 Of loving thoughts which dormant
 lay;
Quickened to life, with tender smiles,
 As sunshine to the flowers in May.

Your blessed life, O how it fills
 The aching void within my own;
Your sympathy, your tender love,
 Dearer than all I've ever known.

80 *Voices of The Heart.*

With "words that breathe and thoughts
that burn"

Inspire my heart, beloved Muse
To high resolves, to nobler aims,
O, may they in some life infuse.

I dare not hope that fame be mine,
Or world's praise my ear may greet;
But if success should crown my life,
I'll lay my laurels at your feet.

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

"They know not my heart, who believe
there can be,

One stain of this earth, in its feeling for
thee,"

Pure as the dew-drops that sparkle to-
night,

On the heart of the rose, 'neath the
moon's soft light.

Tender and sweet as the zephyrs that
play,

Through the mid-summer night, till
dawn of the day;

Oh deep as the blue and fathomless sea,
Unchanging and deathless is my love
for thee.

Through the dark lonely days, through
the silent night,

Thy love as a star came to guide me
aright;

Oh, not till we meet in that fair realm
above,

Wilt thou ever dream the depth of my
love.

WILT THOU REMEMBER
ME?

When sunset fades and rosy gleams the
 west,
 And twilight shadows fall o'er moor
 and lee,
When sweet and tender memories wake
 to life,
 Dear heart, wilt thou remember me?

When 'mid thy busy life, when cares op-
 press,
 So weary thy heart and brain will be;
When some loved thought from out the
 happy past,
 Fresh courage gives, wilt thou re-
 member me?

And when deep silence reigns o'er all
 around,
 When fragrant southern breezes waft
 to thee
Some tender thoughts that breathe of
 love so true,
 Dearest, wilt thou remember me?

Farewell, farewell; and when on wings
 of love
 My prayers shall e'er ascend for
 thee;
O, breathe my name at evening's holy
 hour,
 Dear heart—and then remember me.

FORGOTTEN.

I had dreamed that my name would
 never
 From the tablet of memory fade,
That thy love would be as an anchor
 To my soul, 'mid life's stormy wave.
Though mountains and lakes divide us,
 And rivers that roll to the sea,
I had dreamed that thy love and thy
 friendship
 As enduring as mine for thee.

"MIZPAH."

"The Lord watch between me and
thee when absent
One from the other" shall be;
I know that each day, with my name in
your prayer,
You'll ask His blessings on me.

Though my life may be full of jang-
ling chords,
And the world seem out of tune,
Yet in duty's paths sweet pleasures are
found,
And hope's fairest flowers will
bloom.

"The Lord watch between us, me and
thee,"
Should our paths forever divide,
I'll thank the dear Father each day and
each hour
For thy love that will ever abide.

THY LOVE.

Like the sun's bright rays, when the
storm is past,
And nature's lovely smiles we see,
When the fair Queen of night unveils
her face.

Dear friend, is thy love to me.

Though shadows rest on the pathway of
life;

Yet out of the gloom comes to me,
A sweet tender memory of by-gone
hours,
Revealing thy love to me.

As the wavelets dance on the white
shelled beach,

I hear the sweet song of the sea,
While the soft summer breeze in whis-
pers low,
Is telling thy love to me.

O earth with all thy beauties rare,
And this life—great mystery!
A blissful dream that charms away pain,
Dear friend, is thy love to me.

"I WONDER WHY?"

**"I wonder why" my heart throbs faster,
faster,**

**At the mention of your name,
From the lips of friends, in sweet
praises**

Of your noble life and fame?

**"I wonder why" my pulses quicken
When your welcome footsteps I
hear,**

**Why your voice is sweetest music
That falls upon my ear?**

**"I wonder why" nature seems fairer,
And this life, how glad and sweet,
Why the world seems aglow with sun-
shine,**

When your loving smile I meet?

**"I wonder why" the moon shines
brighter,
As she peeps through the clematis
vine,**

**Why my soul is filled with sweet long-
ings**

Since your heart has spoken to mine?

I WILL REMEMBER THEE.

When the sun in the west is sinking,
 Its last crimson gleam I see,
I dream in the evening twilight,
 Beloved one of thee.

When my soul with care is burdened,
 And weary my heart may be,
Thy love like a rainbow of promise,
 Will gild the future for me.

And I list for the southern breezes
 To waft a sweet message from thee;
As a priceless gem, thy devotion,
 Enshrined in my heart will be.

ABSENCE.

The church bells ring out the sweet Sab-
bath morn,
And bid earth's children rejoice.
There's a saddened strain in each peal
I hear,
In the anthem I'll miss your dear
voice.

Spring flowers are blooming, and sweet
warblers I hear,
And the world seems full of delight;
In a minor key is each note to my ear,
Tho' earth's smiles be ever so bright.

I may not see the "silver lining" today
Of the cloud that hangs above;
Yet, our Father's hand will temper
the wind
And enfold us in arms of love.

Is it strange thy absence such shadows
should cast,
O'er my life, o'er the days and the
years?
May the future enfold some bright
gleam of joy,
That will gild the valley of tears.

TRUE LOVE.

Could the stars of heaven be numbered,
Or counted the sands on the shore,
Or measured the boundless ocean,
Yet my love for thee is more.

I had dreamed I had felt the power,
Of true and fervent love,
But not till I met you, dearest,
Was my heart so deeply moved.

Poets have told of love's passion,
And sweetly has sung the bard,
They have made immortal the story,
Of Heloise and Abelard.

'Tis not strange the soul's emotions,
Should soar to heights sublime,
For to hearts that are truly mated,
This love seems all divine.

SEPARATION.

"God bless you, goodbye," the last
words you said,
How they linger in memory yet,
Your tear-stained face, with my hand
clasped in thine,
I can never, no never, forget.

We met, we were happy, oh, the part-
ing!
Can life's sweetest dream be o'er?
As a smile from Heaven, is thy love to
me,
A blessing forever more!

Thou art far away in thy great life-
work,
And Our Father will merciful be;
Thy prayers for me will daily ascend,
As mine, to Heaven, for thee.

Let us gather up all life's tangled
threads,
And weave in some beautiful whole,
A fabric fit for the Master's use,
Like some sweet story of old.

BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME.

Tho' oft times sorrow hangs a pall,
Across my heart—the sunbeams fall
And life is full of gladness, all
Because you love me.

And when my soul is bowed with
cares,
And life is full of doubt and fears,
Thy smile will oft dispel the tears
Because you love me.

The soft light in thy tender eyes,
So full of joy and oft surprise,
Revealing some sweet thought that
lies,
Because you love me.

And when the day is done, and stars
In beauty shine, when night unbars
Her silver gates—no sorrow mars,
Because you love me.

FOR YOU, LOVE.

I dream of you darling,
When dew drops are falling,
And my heart is calling,
For you, love, for you.

Oft I dream through the night,
Of your loving smile, bright,
When the stars shed their light,
For you, love, for you.

When the dawn is breaking,
All nature awaking,
Some sweet thought is taking,
Its flight, love, to you.

And may it bear to thee
As music from the sea,
Love's sweetest mystery,
To you, love, to you.

UNREST.

What shall I do in the sad days to come,
When memories throng my heart and
 pain is done,
Bringing to my soul such bitter unrest,
O, can it be whatever is, "is best?"

Thy love upon my life, like some bright
 star,
That shone in softened radiance, from
 afar,
Reflecting the love light in beams so
 sweet,
Faith, hope and love I have laid at thy
 feet.

Now, on the crested wave of high re-
 nown,
Thy praises float, so men have ever
 found
Pleasure in tribute to the truly great,
While far from thee, for loving words
 I wait.

94 *Voices of The Heart.*

And when fame's laurels twine thy
 brow, dear friend,
When loving hearts their greetings send,
I know within thy heart reserved for me,
A tender, sweet and loving memory.

And well I know, when falls the even-
 tide,
When day is done, when petty cares be-
 tide,
Thy heart will turn to mine, in love so
 deep,
Enshrined in sacred spot, my name will
 sleep.

FORGET THEE?

Forget thee? Never! just as soon
Will summer flowers forget to bloom,
Or wavelets dance upon the sea,
E'er I shall cease to think of thee.

I dream of thee by night and day,
Each passing hour for thee I pray,
And as the years are gliding by,
I breathe thy name, love, with a sigh.

Forget thee? No! my life shall be
One sweet and loving thought of thee,
While deep within my heart there lies,
Love's sweet and tender mysteries.

Stars may forget to shed their light,
Or brightly beam the Queen of night—
I'll ne'er forget thy love to me,
Or cease to dream and think of thee.

ONLY ONE LIFE.

Only one life to live, dear heart,
While shadows rest on the years,
A trembling star beam, lights up the
gloom,
Charms away some haunting fears.

Only one life to live, dear heart,
With sea of silence between,
But o'er the lone and wide expanse,
Love's messenger is seen.

Only one life to live below,
God give us strength each day,
To fill the years with loving deeds,
Each noble impulse obey.

RESIGNATION.

The sweet south wind cools my fevered
brow

As I sit by my window tonight,
I am thinking of you as I always do
now,

Since we parted 'neath the moon's
soft light.

When the star of love shed her rosy
beams,

And your presence seemed a blessing,
dear;

But now; I see you only in dreams,

And the morn brings a sigh and a
tear.

Our paths in life may not meet again,

Your loved voice I may not hear,

But my soul has reached a higher plane,

For our sweet communion, dear.

Each soul that is saved will new lustre
lend,

To the gems in your crown so bright,

And a song of joy and praise will blend,

For your love dispelling the night.

YOU SAY THAT YOU LOVE
ME.

You say that you love me; ah can I
believe,
That your heart is still mine and for me
you grieve,
When far from me you are sad and
lone,
That my love is your star, where e'er
you roam?

You say that you love me, that your
heart is ever mine,
So true and loving, defying all time
To change your devotion so constant
and true—
So earnest, so tender you seemeth to
woo.

That love at last with sweet fetters doth
bind
My heart in bondage, and new joy I
find
In your dear presence, clasped close to
your heart,
You murmur softly, "Never more to
part."

AN ACROSTIC WRITTEN BY
THE AUTHOR'S HUSBAND
BEFORE THEIR
MARRIAGE.

Combined in thee is every grace,
Of all thy sex of every race;
Ruby lips and bright sparkling eyes,
Dispelling grief and healing sighs.
Enshrined in nature's fairest mold,
Like Venus thou canst fire the cold
Icy dull heart, and make it glow,
As Etna's mount, in awful throe.
Europe has none with thee to compare,
Judea no gem that is so rare,
Africa's flowers of various hue
Can show no tint as fair as you.
Kings for thy sake would take mad fits,
Solomon, too, would lose his wits;
Oh grant me hope to wait awhile,
No peace for me without thy smile.

I LOVE THEE STILL.

I love thee still; Ah, life is not worth
living

Apart from thee—thou canst not
know the pain—

No love tones low, about my heart are
singing,

And silence deep, around my life
doth reign.

The years roll on but still thy name will
ever

Thrill my heart with joy when e'er
'tis spoken;

No time or place our deathless love can
sever—

Not till life's silver cord be loosed or
broken

Can I cease to love thee. O, in the
dawning

Of that glad hour when kindred souls
shall meet,

No cloud shall dim the radiance of that
morning

When thou and I shall feel our lives
complete.

**Heroes of our Southland
and Other Poems.**

ROBERT E. LEE.

Like a star that shines in the heavens
That sparkles on the waves of the sea
As a light that gleams in the darkness,
Is the beautiful life of our Lee.

A hero, a Christian, a soldier,
So gently blended the three,
In the man we delight to honor—
Our brave and our noble Lee.

And his name in song and story,
Will charm over land and sea,
And the world will ever pay tribute
To the name of our gallant Lee.

Emblazoned on history's pages,
His deeds forever shall be
Enshrined in the heart of our nation,
Is the name of Robert E. Lee.

And down through the years and ages
His memory will ever be,
As a flower that never fadeth—
Our own immortal Lee.

BIRTHDAY OF JEFFERSON
DAVIS.

All honor to him, a tribute we pay,
To our South's great leader who wore
 the gray;
On his Southland's altar he laid his all—
His loyal devotion to country's call.

History's page will tell in the coming
 years,
And though our Southland was bathed
 in tears;
Though deep was the gloom and starless
 the night,
His soul never swerved from duty and
 right.

When fettered, imprisoned, how great
 were his woes;
No light beamed for him, no star arose;
Yet lofty his spirit, his courage ne'er
 failed—
His brave, true heart to his foes never
 quailed.

With laurel wreath we would crown
him today,
And sweet immortelles on his tomb we'd
lay;
Enshrined in our hearts his name will
e'er be,
With heroes who battled for the right
to be free.

The veil of prejudice has been drawn
aside,
And the blue and the gray stand side by
side;
On Gettysburg field where the battle
raged,
Old veterans clasp hands in love and
praise.

THE DAUGHTERS OF OUR SOUTHLAND.

All honor to our Southern heroes,
To whom monuments are unveiled,
Whose great devotion to principle,
Can never be assailed.

His fearless disregard of danger,
Where the fiercest battles raged—
His bravery, his courage and valor
Will be known in every age.

One plea for the brave hearted women,
Whose loyal devotion so true—
For these, our heroines of the Southland,
A monument is due.

To the mothers, wives and daughters,
Whose sorrowing hearts were torn—
Who waited for news from the battle
With suspense so great to be borne.

Who smiled in the face of their loved
ones,
As they bade them a fond farewell,

Hiding their own grief in their bosom.
Hoping that all would be well.

All honor to our Southern women,
For monuments rise today,
To tell of their love and devotion,
To the men who wore the gray.

ALABAMA'S DEAD HERO.

A gallant soldier laid to sleep,
Beside his comrades brave,
A nation mourns her loyal son,
Her tears bedew his grave.

Upon his honored bier entwined,
Our nation's flag with bonnie blue,
And ne'er did country mourn a son,
More loyal and more true.

At country's call he sprang to arms;
No wavering he knew,
His deeds of valor known to all,
Our Wheeler, patriot true.

And when the nation's call for sons,
To crush the tyrant's hand,
A dream of other days there came,
While charging up San Juan.

Fair Alabama mourns today,
Her brave and gallant son;
Within our hearts his name enshrine,
His record made—his work well
done.

We mingle tears with stricken ones,
Bereft of love and care,
May He enfold them in His arms,
We lift our hearts in prayer.

"THE GALLANT PELHAM."

Dedicated to the Pelham Chapter,
United Daughters Confederacy,
Birmingham, Ala.

We honor him, the brave and true,
And written on the scroll of fame,
In living characters today,
Our "Gallant Pelham's" name.

A glorious legacy bequeathed,
By Southern heroes, slain,
But none with brighter lustre shines,
Than "Gallant Pelham's" name.

And memories come to us today,
Of pleasures and of pain,
His early and heroic death,
Leaving a stainless name.

'Tis meet, we honor him, the brave,
Though feel the effort vain,
To add one laurel to the wreath,
Of "Gallant Pelham's" fame.

May our devotion to this work,
 Enlist each Southern dame,
And may our children ne'er forget,
 Our "Gallant Pelham's" name.

A TRIBUTE TO GEN. GORDON

Written while his body lay in state in
 Atlanta, Ga.

In halls of state he lies today,
 Our Southland's gifted son;
And mourning thousands will attest,
 His many victories won.

Victorious over strife and hate,
 He stood, the peerless one,
And dared to lift his voice for right,
 'Mid throngs in Washington.

In Congress halls, in thrilling tones,
 He told of Southern wrongs;
How brave he stood, 'mid clash of
 words,
 Will history's page adorn.

On many a hard-fought battle field,
His gallant record shows,
From humble rank, to higher place,
How rapidly he rose.

How the dear old veterans loved their
chief!
How they'll miss his words of cheer!
Through blinding tears, they take the
last look,
As they pass before his bier.

A brilliant statesman, hero, chief,
Our Southland mourns today,
In loving tribute all will join,
Who wore the Blue and the Gray.

WHEELER REUNION.

Lines on the "Wheeler Reunion" of the
Blue and Gray in Atlanta,
Georgia, 1906.

From the North, from the South, from
the East and the West,
Come the heroes of the Blue and the
Gray,
To pay honor to him, our Southland's
son,
In this fair Southern city, today.
Old feuds are forgotten, and prejudice
lies
In the tomb of the past, for aye,
And tender the hand-clasp of soldiers
brave,
Who wore the Blue and the Gray.
We fought for the cause we believed to
be right,
All nation's due honor and say,
More gallant or braver men have e'er
lived,
Than the heroes who wore the Gray.

We welcome the brotherly love that
binds,
Our Southland and Northland to-
day,
And the world pays tribute to the noble
men,
Who wore the Blue and the Gray.

Our country is marching with gigantic
strides,
And no other nation, today,
Has so grand a future in coming years,
As the home of the Blue and the
Gray!

**A WELCOME TO PRESIDENT
ROOSEVELT.**

Birmingham, Ala., October 21, 1905.

Thrice welcome, our nation's ruler,
 Open the gates of the city wide,
For you, we delight to honor,
 And long may you abide.

Eyes sparkle with joy at your coming,
 And warm the clasp of the hand,
For our hearts are filled with pleasure,
 To greet you in dear Southland.

You have proven yourself a hero,
 When war's dark and shadowy wing,
Hung like a pall o'er the Orient,
 But now the nations will sing,

Of the dove of peace, descending,
 Bringing joy to every land,
And your name live in song and story,
 In Russia and Japan.

All hail! to our nation's ruler,
 May you succor all her needs,
'Neath your reign may our country
 prosper,
 And your life be full of good deeds!

WASHINGTON.

Fair city of our Southland, full of his-
toric lore,
As on the bosom of the Potomac we
glide—what more
Could charm the eye or cause our hearts
to thrill with native pride,
As we near the spot where cares of state
were all laid aside?

Lovely Mount Vernon! our Country's
Mecca, at whose shrine
A nation bows her head—more sacred
spot she ne'er may find—
Beautiful landscape, where nature wears
her sweetest smile;
We pause to gaze in rapture on this
charming scene, while

The river flows in rhythmic beauty at our
feet, we see
In fancy the Great Hero who made our
homes so free;

116 *Voices of The Heart.*

And dear old Arlington, endeared to us
by memories deep,
Where our nation's idol lies and the
brave and gallant sleep.

Loved city of our Southland, full of
beauty and of grace,
No matter where we wander we ne'er
will find such place;
In distant lands we may travel, over
wide seas we may roam,
But the fairest picture in memory is of
Our Nation's home.

LINES ON MEMORIAL DAY.

Comrades of the Blue, comrades of the
 Gray,
It is our pleasure to pay tribute today,
To the noble deeds of the brave and
 true,
Of the gallant men of the Gray and the
 Blue.

Comrades and brothers of the Blue and
 the Gray,
One by one we are passing away;
One by one we are nearing the shore,
Where conflict to arms will be heard no
 more.

Great was the struggle each other to
 subdue,
For as one family, the Gray and the
Each descendants of as noble and brave
 Blue,
As e'er gave their lives their country to
 save.

118 *Voices of The Heart.*

How fierce was the conflict, how brave
 were the deeds
Of the men who did oft to victory lead;
What sufferings were borne none but
 God knows,
While the blood of the Southland and
 Northland flowed.

But the years speed on and prejudice
 lies
In the tomb of the past and hushed are
 its cries—
Phoenix-like our country has risen to-
 day—
Our motto is "Onward" from Blue and
 from Gray.

The roll of musketry and sound of drum
That told of the battle just begun,
Is heard no more; and flowers now
 bloom,
On that field of carnage, with fragrant
 perfume.

Brothers, comrades of the Blue and the
 Gray,
The days and the hours are flitting
 away;

As the sun is slowly sinking in the west,
The shadows tell us we are nearing our
rest.

Have we been victors in the battle of
life?

Have we risen above the storm and the
strife?

Have we helped others to a higher
plain?

Have we made the world better—not
lived in vain?

May the Captain say when this warfare
is o'er,

"Soldiers, well done," when we reach
that fair shore—

Where no cannons roar, where no call
to arms

Shall e'er disturb with their rude alarms.

DAVID O. DODD.

A Little Rock hero we honor today—
No braver heart e'er beat 'neath the gray
Than the youthful boy who sleeps 'neath
 the sod,
Who gave up his life—brave David O.
 Dodd.

No promise could tempt him his friends
 to betray;
His high, noble spirit failed not, they
 say,
When sentence was read "to be hanged
 as a spy,"
On country's altar he was ready to die.

In memory's casket love's flowers will
 bloom,
Shedding o'er the years their fragrant
 perfume;
While history will tell where his feet
 ne'er hath trod,
Of this hero martyr—brave David O.
 Dodd.

DECORATION DAY.

'Neath April skies, 'mid flowery spring,
Our Southland comes today,
To pay honor to her noble dead,
Of floral tributes lay.

Sweet be thy sleep our heroes, brave,
No more shall wars alarm,
Disturb thy deep and calm repose,
Or bugles call to arms.

May we forget the strife and hate
That sundered far and wide,
The kindred ties of loyal hearts
Who for their country died.

The future years seem all aglow,
Spanned by rainbow of love,
And brothers clasp hands o'er all the
past,
One Nation, one Father above.

BIRTH-DAY OF LEE.

The greatest country on the earth,
Reaching from sea to sea,
Pauses amid life's busy whirl
To honor Robert Lee.

Within our nation's heart enshrined,
Forever shall it be
Entwined with memory's sweetest flow-
ers,
The matchless name of Lee.

To all the youth of every land,
His noble life will be,
A stimulus to greater deeds,
Our own beloved Lee.

Oceans may cease their waves to roll,
Or sun bid darkness flee,
But Southern hearts will ne'er forget
The name of Robert Lee.

"WILSON AND McCOMBS."

Our nation's heart is throbbing at the
 mention of their names;
And boys will stop their whistling and
 pause amid their games,
When a Democrat is telling in no un-
 certain tone,
Of the future of our country when Wil-
 son and McCombs

As our gallant party leaders shall guide
 the ship of state—
For the voices of the multitude have
 made their names so great
That a Democratic President shall
 now wave his wand
O'er all this wondrous nation—the fair-
 est of any land.

The time has been long in coming, but
 come it has at last,
When the Democratic party shall nail
 its pennant fast,

124 *Voices of The Heart.*

That no earthly power can shake it, or
 breezes ever blow,
That will cause its hold to loosen or fall
 before its foe.

Our nation's heart is throbbing with new
 and joyous life,
And peace is hov'ring o'er us after so
 much party strife;
And we dream of happy fancies when
 the White House changes hands
When the Democratic leaders have
 completed all their plans.

Then hurrah! for Southern heroes, the
 North, the East, the West—
A great and glorious nation—she scarce
 can pause for rest—
Her motto, "Onward, Upward"—no
 peer on earth she owns,
While her mighty heart is pulsing for
 Wilson and McCombs.

Reveries.

"A REVERIE."

I'm sitting alone in the library,
And sweetly the soft summer breeze
Floats in through the window, laden
With the songs of birds and bees.

How brightly the sunlight is glancing;
What fragrance is on the air;
How strange in this world of beauty,
We find so much sorrow and care!

I wonder sometimes was Eden
More fair than this world of ours?
Was the garden more bright in its
beauty,
Or more charming with music and
flowers?

Did that love, which makes earth a
Heaven,
Give more joy to that happy pair,
Than to those who have tasted its sweet-
ness,
Amid the world's conflicts and care?

128 *Voices of The Heart.*

O, this love that brightens our path-
 way,
And tints with roseate hue
Our lives with its golden sunbeams,
 More bright than the morning dew!

O love, sweetest gift of Heaven,
 The choicest boon from above;
Far away in that "bright forever,"
 We'll know that Heaven is love.

I KNOW NOT WHY.

I know not why,
The sun seems to shine so much brighter,
And my heart it seems lighter,
And friends are growing dearer,
And Heaven seems so much nearer,
Than in days gone by.

Ah, it seems,
Some magic charm makes radiant the
day,
And drives sorrow's gloom away,
Through the clouds the sun is shining,
And I see the silver lining,
Where it gleams.

Father to Thee,
I'll lift my heart in thankful prayer,
For all Thy love, for all Thy care,
For trials past, in mercy given,
To win my soul from earth to Heaven,
Thro' all eternity.

MEMORY'S TEMPLE.

Within this holy temple,
 Hang pictures sweet and fair,
Where oft we hold communion,
 For living forms seem there.

And eyes of wondrous beauty,
 Gaze down into our own,
And voices sweet and tender,
 As strains of music blown,

From lands where perfumed flowers,
 In fragrance ever bloom,
And skies e'er bend in beauty,
 Sweeter than days in June.

Upon this sacred altar,
 Lie hopes now, long since dead,
And amid the scattered ashes,
 Seems hallowed ground we tread.

For His loving hand hath guided,
 By ways we did not know,
And we'll reach a temple fairer,
 Where the stream of Life doth flow.

A CURL OF HAIR.

'Tis only a curl, a sunny curl of hair,
But oh, it tells a tale, a fairy tale
Of gladsome summer hours,
When love's sweetest flowers
Blossomed in beauty rare.
Ah me, ages seem to have come and
 gone,
Since they robed her lovely form,
In garments white and filmy lace;
And in her dimpled hand,
A broken rosebud placed.
And from her head they severed
This sunny curl of hair,
And now, 'tis all that's left me,
Of my baby sweet and fair.

OUR SHATTERED IDOLS.

No grief is so bitter and poignant,
No pain can with it compare,
When low, at our feet they lie shattered,
Our beautiful idols so fair.

O how sweet were the dreams and fan-
cies,
That filled our hearts in years gone—
Bright garlands we twine for our idols,
But now, in the silence and lone.

Only phantoms of joys long vanished,
That come when our idols lie
So crushed, so shattered and broken,
That hope seems ready to fly.

But lo, in the silence I listen,
Some message from far away,
"O heart, clasp faith to thy bosom,
Not all thine idols are clay."

GOD'S LOVE.

The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord!
Thy handiwork the jewelled skies,
Day unto day still utters speech,
And night is full of sweet replies.

Grandeur and beauty, Thou givest us
Lord,
The mountain lifts his snow-capped
head;
Old Ocean chants a sweet refrain,
Then sleeps upon her coral bed.

All nature smiles, the evening breeze
Seems wafting praise to Thee, above;
Each tiny flower, each blade of grass
Proclaim, the wonders of Thy love.

And O shall man, Thy grandest work,
Refuse to love and Thee adore,
For countless blessings clustering round,
For hopes of bliss forevermore.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

(Written when there were hopes of
sight being restored.)

Out of the depths of darkness and
gloom,

Out of the depths of despair,
"Pandora's box" seems opened anew
As hope's sweetest whispers I hear.

Can it be past pleasures shall be revived,
Shall I dream o'er pages again,
Of the dear old books that were laid
away

With a heart full of aching pain?

'Tis said darkest hours come just before
dawn,

And O, may the dawn come to me;
I'll dream of bright skies and blossom-
ing vales,

And God's tender mercy I see.

I'll seek lonely hearts, where sorrow and
grief

Have shrouded their lives in deep
gloom,

And I'll whisper sweet words of comfort and hope,
With a wish joy's flowers may bloom.
Out of the depths—my heart shall rejoice
When the gloom and the shadows shall flee;
There's a rift in the clouds, where the sunlight gleams,
There's a smile in the Heavens for me.

DAWN.

Across the cheerless years,
The golden sunbeams fall,
And music now is heard,
Where once was silence all.
Within my heart there dwells
A memory sweet and dear,
And hope, in whispers soft,
Has dried the falling tear.
As light from out the East
Proclaims the hour of morn,
So now, upon my life there breaks,
The rosy gleam of dawn!

TO BABY EDWIN.

Forehead pillowed on my breast—
 Velvet cheek on mine to rest;
 Arms that 'round the neck entwine,
 "Like the tendrils of a vine;"
 Cadence low in dove-like cooing,
 Like a fairy's moon-light wooing;
 Charms no other eyes may see,
 Baby Edwin brings to me;
 Baby darling, mother's joy,
 Precious treasure, father's boy,
 "Unto us a child is given,"
 Lent us from the courts of heaven.

"AT EVENING TIME IT
 SHALL BE LIGHT."

Tho' shadows are falling across the
 years,
 Enveloping with pall of night—
 Thou has promised strength to the weary
 heart,
 "At evening time, it shall be light."

And when the day is full of care and
 toils,

Thy promise like a sunbeam bright,
Dispelling the gloom that around us
 falls,

“At the evening time, it shall be
 light.”

When faint and weary from life's bur-
 dens here,

When hearts we trusted are lost to sight,
Like whispers soft, we oft time hear,

“At evening time, it shall be light.”

When on the mountain top, or valley
 deep—

Fair days or shadows of the night,
Thy promise, Lord, will gild life's clos-
 ing hours,

“At evening time, it shall be light.”

I DO NOT KNOW.

I do not know if life's path shall length-
en far,
Or if behind the darkening clouds, some
star,
Will light the deep'ning gloom, and shed
one ray,
To cheer my fainting soul 'till dawn of
day.

I do not know, if in the future veiled,
Sorrows still lie, it may be I have failed
In duties here, to bind up broken hearts,
Soothing the pain within mine own, the
darts.

I do not know, while life is full of tears,
Or if joy will crown the swift coming
years,
But this I know, His love will e'er
abide,
Through darkest night His hand will
ever guide.

IN PATIENCE POSSESS THY
SOUL.

Possess thy soul, in patience sweet,
Tho' thorns may pierce thy wounded
feet,

When shadows o'er thy path-way fall,
Then think on One, who knoweth all.

He knows the depth of suffering, great,
Temptations that about us wait,
His arm of strength around us twine,
If we but ask His grace Divine.

O storm-tossed, stricken, helpless soul,
When billows dark, around thee roll,
Lift up thy voice to Him and cry,
"I perish, Lord, save e'er I die."

Possess thy soul, in patience sweet,
Hope on fair morn, thine eyes shall
greet,

List for His voice that calms at will,
Life's mighty passions, "Peace be still."

HOURS OF BLISS.

Sweet hours of bliss, O come again,
E'er I had known this weary pain,
When sun-beams danced along the way,
And life seemed one sweet gala day.

Fair morning breaks o'er all the earth,
As night to dawn is giving birth,
And yet, amid this beauteous scene,
Sweet hours of bliss, I fondly dream.

IN DREAMS.

Last night I dreamed of you dearest,
I dreamed that your hand clasped
mine,
And your eyes wore a look so tender,
It brought back the olden time.

When the hours on golden pinions
Floated by, so laden with love
That I sometimes dreamed that angels,
Sweet whispers I heard from above.

I awaken, and gone forever
Is that moment when Paradise
gleams,
When loving hearts that are severed
Are reunited in dreams.

THE HAVEN OF REST.

My bark is nearing the haven,
That fair haven of the blest,
Where pain and sorrow shall vanish,
And the weary heart find rest.

When the waves grow rough and
stormy,
Oft times we question His will,
Yet we hear 'mid the angry tempest,
"Peace, troubled heart be still."

And amid the gloom and the darkness,
My bark still moves on her way,
And my soul still dreams of the dawn-
ing
Of a brighter and fairer day.

And when I shall reach that haven—
When full of His infinite love,
I'll sing the sweet song of redemption,
As I kneel at His throne above.

SOUL QUESTIONINGS.

To be with nature, when silence is sleep-
ing,
The stars above us their vigils are keep-
ing,
While soft summer breezes waft on their
bosom,
Some message sweet, from the far away
ocean.

We dream of loved ones, from labors
now resting,
Where the mocking-bird sings and
croons to her nestling,
While shadows dark o'er my soul are
flitting,
And grief at the door of sorrow is sit-
ting.

Will the clouds e'er lift, O, when shall
the dawning,
Break o'er our life, when shall glad
morning,

144 *Voices of The Heart.*

Illumine our soul with her bright smile
 beaming,
When shall we know all of heaven's true
 meaning?

We know that His spirit our own is
 leading;
He hath said that we are e'er in His
 keeping;
On this promise sweet our souls are re-
 lying;
In His arms we rest, no more sorrow or
 sighing.

"YOUR LETTERS."

I turn from all life's pleasures and cares
 To dream o'er your letters, dear;
Sweet treasures, to my heart I press,
 While there steals a falling tear.

I gaze upon each loving word,
 I dream of other days,
When love awoke from out his sleep.
 Beneath the moonlight rays.

You ne'er can know how dear to my
heart

Is each line and tracery,
Living, breathing, deathless flowers,
That will ever bloom for me.

A fragrance sweet, they shed o'er my
life,

The world an enchantment lends,
The sky is more bright, earth seems
more fair

Since you loved me, dearest of
friends.

I breathe your name, as I kneel in pray-
er

That "Our Father His loving watch
keep,"

I read your last words, count the days
and hours,

'Till we meet, then lay me to sleep.

DOES YOUR SOUL SPEAK TO
MINE?

There are moments in life when thy
spirit

Seems so near—seems speaking to
mine;

And there comes o'er my soul such a
longing

For the days of that olden time.

There come moments to me when this
earth-house

Seems a cold and desolate place,
When thy love seems only a memory,
A green spot in life's desert waste.

As I sit in the evening twilight,
Dreaming, ever dreaming of thee,
And I list to your voice so tender
As you tell of your love to me.

And there comes o'er my soul such a
yearning,

For that dear presence of thine,
That your soul is speaking to mine.
I feel that you are near—I am dream-
ing—

MY FATHER'S HAND WILL
GUIDE.

With strained and longing eyes I gaze
Across life's desert wide,
For some green spot, yet well I know
My Father's hand will guide.

The path is rough unto my feet
And fears my soul betide;
Yet hope's sweet whispers still I hear,
"Thy Father's hand will guide."

O heart be brave, though 'round the
years,
Deep gloom, where phantoms glide;
To him who trusteth in his love
His hand will ever guide.

O question not his sovereign will,
Though fondest hopes have died;
On wings of faith be this my song,
"My Father's hand will guide."

.

SOME DAY.

Some day I know, the clouds will lift
And I shall see the sunlight gleam,
And from my path the shadows drift
And for that day I hope and dream.

Some day life's work will all be done,
Across our breast hands folded lie,
And if beside us friends shall come,
I hope for me they'll breathe no
sigh.

But let their hearts ascend in praise—
My spirit rests within his arms—
That sorrows ne'er shall fill my days—
Freed from all of grief's alarms.

I wish no tears be shed for me
But glad that light has come my way,
When I my Father's face shall see
And heart-aches all be o'er—some
day.

AUTUMN.

Brightly beams the golden sunlight
Of this fair October day;
Russet-brown with lovely crimson,
Autumn smiles in tints so gay.

But to me she brings no gladness,
Only memories of the past;
When your smile dispelling sadness
Held my heart in bondage fast.

Do these lovely autumn sunsets
Bring back scenes of other days?
When we two were fondly dreaming
E'er the parting of the ways?

LIFE'S SUNSET.

Along the western shores of life I linger
And o'er the golden sea of memory
Is wafted to my ear so sweet and tender
The love-tones that fill my soul with
melody.

Though griefs have torn my heart and
faith been shaken,
Yet on the mountain top where I have
climbed,
A sunbeam falls as if from Heaven
laden,
With dreams of that great love for
which my soul has pined.

And O, dear heart to that vast realm
we are tending,
Where flowers of love shall bloom
for evermore;
Where faith and hope their bright beams
ever sending,
To light our path along life's western
shore.

DEATH.

A good-by kiss to our loved ones here,
With a hope of sweet reunion, dear,
Only a veil drawn over our eyes,
Our Father will lift in paradise.

Loving hands folden, going to sleep,
Never to suffer, never to weep,
Freed from earth's trials, freed from
 life's woes,
To wake in His arms from dreamless
 repose.

RENUNCIATION.

Father, I lift my heart to Thee,
O, let Thy love forever be
My guiding star to light the way
From cheerless paths, to endless day.

Low at Thy feet I humbly bow,
And now by consecrated vow,
All that I am or e'er shall be,
My life I dedicate to Thee.

If in my heart an idol 'throned,
I bowed in worship, e'er I'd known,
The strength, the fulness of this love,
Strayed from its home, in heaven above.

If I have loved Thy creature more,
Than Thee O, God all should adore,
If I have erred in thought or deed,
Forgive me now, and kindly lead.

Within the tomb this love now lies,
Deeply buried from human eyes,
"Angels in the hereafter may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

THE BROKEN VOW.

In silence and tears,
Months glide into years,
And Time's healing balm
Brings my soul no calm.

Amid other scenes,
Hast thou no dreams
Of loving words spoken,
Of sweet promise broken?

Or does beauty smile,
Thy heart beguile,
And doth conscience smite,
In the darkness of night?

Tho' false to thy vow,
Yet my heart, even now,
Doth pray that thy soul
May reach the bright goal.

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIE.

I sit by the flickering fire-light
As it dances upon the wall
And lights up the dear, sweet faces
That have left me, one and all.

154 *Voices of The Heart.*

I miss the prattle of children
As they clambered about my chair,
And I miss their sweet embraces
At evening's hour of prayer.

And hanging just above me
Is the sainted face of my own,
Whose love made earth a heaven,
A Paradise of home.

O, I've questioned God's love and mercy!
As I bade them all farewell;
How I've tried to say with submission,
"He doeth all things well."

They are all in the church-yard sleeping—
Sleeping beneath the sod
While I pray by the flickering fire light
And bow to His chastening rod.

Ah, I dream of a sweet reunion—
Reunion with children and wife,
Where no tear drops shall ever mingle
With the crystal river of life.

Miscellaneous

EASTER-TIDE.

Oh, memories dear of the long ago,
Dreams that will ever abide,
Of a fair, sweet face, of a story told,
Sweet story of Easter-tide.

How the angels sang, as the shepherds
watched,
Of a star, the wise men to guide,
To Bethlehem's Babe, in a manger
born,
The Herald of Easter-tide.

And she told of His love for sorrowing
ones,
As He traveled the world so wide,
Of His pure, gentle life, His sufferings
great,
Ere the coming of Easter-tide.

And she told of the sorrow, the dark-
ness and gloom,
Of how He was crucified,

158 *Voices of The Heart.*

How the sun was hid, how the earth was
 rent,
Ere He gave us an Easter-tide.

Oh, wondrous love, may the blood that
 flowed,
 That flowed from His wounded side,
"Wash me, and make me white as
 snow,"
This blessed Easter-tide.

Oh, glorious Hope of immortal life!
 In His sheltering arms may we hide,
May our hearts be lifted in thankful
 praise
For the dawn of Easter-tide.

Sweet mother, I thank thee for memo-
 ries dear,
For dreams that will ever abide.
From thy spirit-home, where the angels
 dwell,
Oh, bless me this Easter-tide.

TO A MOCKINGBIRD.

Gayest warbler of the springtime,
How clear thy song doth float,
In tones of charming melody,
And perfect is each note.

Thy life is bright and joyous,
Sweet songster of the wood;
And thy heart is gay and happy
While watching o'er thy brood.

A low mutter in the distance
Tells of the coming storm,
Yet thy sweet song fills the twilight,
Glad as the sunny morn.

From thee I would learn a lesson,
Listening to thy heart's refrain;
Though clouds above us may gather,
Sunshine will come again.

NASHVILLE.

Like some beautiful dream that leaves
a smile

On my lips is my visit to thee,
Time can never efface sweet memories,
dear,
Fair city of Tennessee.

Thy dear old halls of state, sit enthron-
ed,

Where the Cumberland flows to the
sea;
Where on we tread seems hallowed
ground,
Loved city of Tennessee.

History writes her name, fame laurels
twine,

Ever dear the record will be,
To thy sons and daughters in all the
years,
Loyal city of Tennessee.

The smile of welcome thy people give
To the stranger is lovely to see,

And we feel that we clasp the hand of
friends,

In this city of Tennessee.

A beautiful picture, thy dear sweet
homes,

Lovely lawns with grand old trees,
On memories tablet forever engraved,
Dear old city of Tennessee.

SNOWBALLING.

Noiseless and fair as an angel's wing,
The beautiful snow-flakes fall,
Robing the earth in garments of white,
A joy and pleasure to all.

How the tide of memory backward
rolls,

As we gaze on the children at play!
We are children ourselves, in the dear
old home,

"Snowballing" in old-fashioned way.

Ere the cares of life had furrowed our
brow,

Ere sorrow had dimmed our eyes,
When the rainbow of hope seemed the
future to span,
And life was a glad surprise.

Let them laugh and shout, for the pleas-
ures of youth

Will come no more, again;
The shadows may rest where the sun-
light now falls,
And the years grow heavy with pain.

"MONTEAGLE."

Enthroned on nature's fairest spot,
When once beheld, is ne'er forgot,
More charming place can e'er be sought,
 Than Monteagle.

While far and near the mountains rise,
They seemed to kiss the tinted skies,
As the last gleam of day-light dies,
 At Monteagle.

And when the King of day descends,
A sunset scene enchantment lends,
Our heart in loving praise ascends,
 At Monteagle.

Dear loving friends we greet each day,
And sweet and kindly words we say,
So quick the moments glide away,
 At Monteagle.

Now soon Chautauqua's season's o'er,
Her charming music hear no more,
Or list to words of classic lore,
 At Monteagle.

But when next summer breezes blow,
Where leaping Cascades rush and flow,
To this fair spot may we all go,
 Dear Monteagle.

THE TITANIC DISASTER.

The world stands appalled at this great
ship's doom,

In the midnight's darkness and the star-
less gloom—

She went to her death—her watery
tomb—

O this tragedy of the sea!

Dear brave hearted men with children
and wives,

Looked in the face of death while saving
their lives—

Martyrs to duty amid sobs and cries,
In this tragedy of the sea.

Fair Queen of the Sea in this dangerous
way,

Could some voice of warning been heard
to say,

"Breakers ahead, icebergs in wait lay,"
For this tragedy of the sea.

But whose is the fault, who is to blame,
For this great disaster, worse than the
Maine?"

The world is still asking, "Who is to
blame?"

For this tragedy of the sea.

OUR TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Unfurl our banner to the breeze,
And make a joyful noise,
For victory sits enthroned for aye,
In Prohibition's cause.

Fair Georgia leads the Southern States,
In her grand work, today,
The hydra-headed monster's crushed,
And thankful women pray,

That the good work spread far and wide
Throughout this Union, grand,
Forever closed the door that lures
The youth of our fair land.

Dear Alabama, grand old State!
Let not her sons e'er pause,
But crowd their places, rank and file,
For Prohibition's cause.

The tocsin sounds and earnest men,
Are ready for the fray,

166 *Voices of The Heart.*

To drive this demon from our midst,
God help us, now we pray.

Brothers, awake! the time has come,
To strike with main and might,
The watchword of every State be,
"For Temperance and for Right."

Then fling our banner to the breeze—
At post of duty stand—
The greatest curse our Nation knows—
Be banished from our land.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Out in the street there is laughter,
 Joy reigns within the home,
And the children are gay and happy,
 For Santa-Clause has come.

God comfort the lonely mother,
 Who sorrows this blessed night,
Who has laid away her darling,
 Beneath the daisies white.

In the home where living sorrows,
 Hidden grief in aching hearts,
O, let thy love and thy blessing,
 Charm away the tears that start.

Lord strengthen Thy erring children,
 This blessed Christmas Eve,
To walk in the Master's foot steps,
 And comfort those who grieve.

NATURE.

'Mid the bright green fields of the wood-
land,
Where the violet lifts her face,
For the first sweet kiss of the sun-light,
'Neath the vines that interlace.

And down in the depths of the forest,
Where birds in their leafy nest,
Seem whispering of coming to-morrows,
When leaving the mother breast.

And the brook flows on to the river,
Where the ferns and the mosses grow,
Still singing, "forever and ever,"
As it did in the long ago.

O, nature how wise are thy teachings!
How sweet the lessons we learn,
Communion with God in her temples,
For holier lives we yearn.

SALT LAKE CITY.

Beautiful city of this fair valley,
Where once was only a desert waste,
Like some fair gem thy beauty will
sparkle,
Thro' the future years as they haste.

Thy lakes, thy mountains, thy landscape
so fair,
A lovely scene for stranger eyes,
Thy broad shaded streets with beautiful
trees,
Like some grand, old Cathedral
spires.

Beautiful city, 'mid nature's wonders
Under soft skies of turquoise blue,
Like some sweet dream where'er I may
wander,
Full of delight, my visit to thee.

THE GREAT DESERT OF
UTAH.

Amid this lonely desert waste,
No noise is heard, save cars that haste,
Deep silence reigns o'er all around,
No sign of life and ne'er a sound.

Mountains and valleys of sand, white
 sand,
Upon their summits, high and grand,
Seem castles once, with minarets, fair,
But now, in ruins, everywhere.

Nature refuses her robe of green,
To spread—no Oasis is seen,
Deep stillness reigns 'mid these great
 peaks,
No bird-note the dead silence breaks.

No living thing seen, far or near,
Only great mountains of sand appear;
A silence so felt, our heart doth move,
'Mid this desert waste with God above.

THE ROYAL GORGE.

Amid the wonders of the Rockies
Where waters of the Arkansas forge
A marvel of beauty and grandeur,
Is the scene on the Royal Gorge.

Illustrations give a faint idea,
Its grandeur, one can not portray,
And the words on our lips are silent,
At this wonder of today.

As we gaze on this antique or nature,
A feeling of wonder and awe,
And rapture in our hearts commingle
For He seemeth our souls to draw.

To Him in these displays of power,
For God seems ever so near,
While the spirit of faith descending,
Our souls reach a higher sphere.

LINES TO A BRIDE.

(On the occasion of a linen shower.)
Accept this gift, fair bride of June,
With loving wish that every hour,
Be laden with joy's rich perfume,
As sweetly falls this "Linen Shower."

TO GENEVIEVE ON HER
WEDDING DAY.

Fair April bride may life e'er be,
A spring-time sweet, I wish for thee,
May love's star with radiant beams,
Gild all thy life with rosy dreams.
Fair blushing bride, I'd wish no tears,
May dim thine eyes through all the
 years;
May life's trials so swiftly pass,
As April showers on floweret grass.
May he to whom thy heart is given,
Feel 'tis a sacred trust from heaven;
May both thy lives flow peacefully,
As streamlets glide to summer sea.

**LINES ON OUR TWENTIETH
MARRIAGE ANNIVER-
SARY.**

We scarce can dream 'tis twenty years,
 Since standing side by side,
We vowed to love each other true,
 And you became my bride.

The star of hope across our path,
 In radiant beauty gleams,
Shedding a perfume o'er our lives,
 Youth's rosy tinted dreams.

How swiftly have the passing years,
 Flown by on golden wings,
And tho' some clouds have intervened,
 The bird of love still sings.

LOOK OUT.

From the mountain's crest, in rapture
 I gaze,
 On the beautiful scene below,
Mountains and valleys with their wav-
 ing grain,
 And the rivers winding flow.

Wondrous are Thy beauties, O, nature
 fair,
 But never so lovely a scene,
Has it been my pleasure to fondly gaze,
 Mountains and valleys, in sunset
 sheen!

In memory's temple, this painting I'll
 hang,
 With its changing beauties rare,
With its wondrous tints of sunset gleam,
 My beautiful picture, so fair.

INDIAN SUMMER.

The frost has kissed the blooming flow-
ers,

And crimson the forest leaves,
Yet bright and fair the Indian summer,
Her subtle charm still weaves.

Blue are the skies, with passing clouds,
While the shadows come and go,
And the air seems soft and balmy,
While nature, in breathings low,

Whispers of His great love and good-
ness,

Of the blessings we enjoy,
Let us thank Him for all earth's beau-
ties,
And praises our hearts employ.

MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

What a charm they possess, these
 strains of the past,

What memories they quicken to life!
That plaintive air, which our mother
 sang,

How it calms life's noise and strife.

Again I'm a child at my mother's knee,
And I gaze on her beautiful face,
As she told some sweet story of duty
 and love,

And oft times a lesson would trace.

And we'd gather, when "the children's
 hour" would come,

Around her in childish grace,
And list to her voice in melodies sweet,
Which the years can never efface.

O, memories dear, of the deep, tender
 love,

How they soothe and quiet the heart;
How we long for the music of childish
 years,

Though it causes the tears to start.

O mother dear, we shall meet again,
When heart-aches and sorrows are
o'er,
Where life will be full of sweet music
and love,
In that "Home of the blest," ever-
more.

AT LAST.

At last I look into thine eyes of love,
Tired and weary as the wandering dove,
Seeking a refuge from life's stormy
blast,
Safe in thy sheltering arms, at last! at
last!

SPRING-TIME.

From nature's sleep the earth awakes,
And tender love notes, now we hear,
From brooding birds within their nests,
Joy reigns supreme, for spring is here.

And round about the sunny porch,
Are clambering vines, of emerald
sheen,
With bursting buds of pink and white,
While memories of a spring-time
green

Come back from out the past;
And love tones low about my heart,
When life was sweet e'er I had known,
The pain, the sting of sorrows dark.

AUTUMN IN HOT SPRINGS.

(Written on the author's first visit to the
Observatory.)

How grand! how beautiful! the scene
below—

All nature bathed in autumn's glow;
In crimson and gold the mountains are
dressed—

A dream of beauty from valley to
crest.

SNOW FLAKES.

From out the warm and cheery room,
We gaze with fond delight,
As fast the feathery snow flakes fall,
Enrobing the earth in white.

Deep silence reigns o'er all around,
A solemn stillness falls,
Perchance a boyish laugh is heard,
As roguish comrades call.

O, memories dear, ye throng around,
Bring back a happy past,
When life was young no grief or tears,
O'er us a shadow cast.

Like an angel's wing enfold the earth,
With your feathery flakes so white,
May the scroll of life as spotless be,
Whereon the angel shall write.

"MY SHIP."

With longing eyes I watch and wait,
Beside a tideless sea,
For my ship so long in coming
Bearing rich blessings to me.

I have grown so weary with waiting,
Straining my eyes to see,
To catch one glimpse of its outlines,
Bearing some treasure to me.

Ah! I dream of joy and gladness,
Oh! safe may her journey be,
When my beautiful ship weighs anchor,
Laden with blessings for me.

SUNSET IN THE PRAIRIES.

The gold of after-glow fades in the
west,
As the King of Day slowly sinks to his
rest,
While rolling prairies like billowy seas,
Flower-decked in their beauty, as soft
summer breeze,
Fans our cheek, as we gaze on this love-
ly scene,
An artist might paint for a poet's dream.

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

Earth seems to pause—a stillness sweet,
 A restful calm, a dreamy haze,
And nature wears a charming smile,
 These ideal September days.

In softer tones, the song of birds,
 And fainter grows the sun-light rays,
What tender memories cluster 'round,
 These dreamy, sweet September
 days.

The purling brook is murmuring low
 Of pebbly nooks, of winding ways,
Of mossy banks and shady dells,
 Where we may dream, September
 days.

The Heavens so blue, the stars so bright,
 Seem whispering of His love and
 praise,
On wings of Faith our love ascends
 And thank Him for September days.

LIFE IN THE CITY.

I love the life of a city,
I love its bustle and din,
I love its grand old churches,
Where all who are tired of sin;

In the preacher's words find comfort,
As he tells of the love of God,
To all earth's tempted children,
For Jesus this path has trod.

And I love the great, great art-halls,
Where the eyes on beauties, rare,
Can feast and forget for the moment,
All trouble and all care.

And I love the big parks full of children,
And my heart beats in rhythmic time,
As I watch their playful gambols,
For it brings back the olden time.

WINTER.

Dull gray are the clouds above,
Brown and bare the forest trees,
And hushed are the silent woods,
Where smiled the bright hued leaves.

Sometimes, when life seems drear,
And hopes lie shattered, all,
From out the silence dark,
A bird-like note doth fall.

DRIFTING.

Out on life's billows I'm drifting,
 Drifting with the dark tide,
Will my bark e'er gain the haven,
 That haven where still waters glide?

The nights have been dark and stormy,
 And clouds seem to be overcast,
And to shut out the light of heaven—
 All broken the rudder and mast.

But low, in the distance gleaming,
 A ray from the lighthouse I see,
And o'er the wild turbid waters,
 A message of hope bears to me.

New life in my soul is throbbing,
 Despair gives way to delight,
As my bark glides smoothly onward,
 The shadows are lifted from night.

WAITING.

I am waiting for you as the years go by,
In silent possession, where fond hopes
lie,

All shadowed and dead, 'mid ashes and
rue,

Still I wait for you, love, waiting for
you.

I'm waiting for you 'mid the city's din,
With sorrow and weeping my eyes grow
dim,

Longing for you dear, your love so true,
Waiting for you love, waiting for you.

Waiting for you in the moon's soft glow,
As I dream of the days, of the days long
ago,

When your love tones sweet as the twi-
light dew

Fell on my ear as I waited for you.

I'm waiting for you, O when shall I see,
Your dearly loved form and this is my
plea,

To heaven that you'll come with your
love so true,

While I wait for you, love, waiting for
you.

TO A WILD FERN.

Gazing on thee, I fondly dream,
Of childhood's happy hour,
Of pebbly brooks, of mossy banks,
Where grow the wild-wood flowers.

When life was all it seemed to be,
When happy thoughts, supreme,
Reigned in my heart, where all was love
And earth a blissful dream.

LINES ON GOLDEN WED-
DING.

Life's golden sunset, now for thee,
 In softened beauties glow,
And loving memories cluster round—
 Their sweet enchantment throw.

The rosy tint of morning fair,
 Gives place to perfect noon,
And though, perchance a shadow rests,
 Joy leaves a sweet perfume.

So near a Paradise on earth,
 We ne'er attain in life,
Where mated hearts in sacred ties,
 Of husband and of wife.

How swift the years have glided by,
 In holy converse, sweet,
And golden sunbeams chase the dawn,
 Your loving smile to greet.

O may life's sunset be for thee,
 As calm as even-tide,
I'd breathe one wish, through coming
 years,
God's love may e'er abide.

EUGENIE, ON HER CORONA-
TION DAY.

(Lines suggested while gazing on the picture of this most beautiful woman, whose romantic and brilliant career have been clouded with such bitter sorrows.)

Fair and beautiful as a poet's dream,
Such charming presence, such gracious
 mien;

Before whose loveliness all stood en-
 tranced,

O royal woman, fair Queen of France!

Ah, how little we dreamed on that
 bright morn,

That the coming years should be full of
 storm,

That cruel thorns should pierce thy lov-
 ing breast,

Thy life be full of clouds and unrest.

Dethroned and bereaved O, sore strick-
 en heart,

Turn thine eyes to that home where
 loved ones ne'er part,

Tho' shattered and broken, life's fondest hopes lie,
May faith and love guide thee to realms on high!

A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE.

Within thy gates have I wandered,
And the angel of love was my guide,
While the hours of heavenly music,
On golden wings seemed to glide.

Now, the gates are closed, and I listen,
To a requiem o'er the dead,
For the heart's fondest hopes have perished,
And love's sweetest dream has fled.

Outside in the darkness, I'm groping,
No star lights up the deep gloom,
While I lift up my voice in anguish,
For the peaceful rest of the tomb.

CHINA'S AWAKENING.

(Lines on Dr. Young J. Allen's
missionary address before the General
Conference, May, 1906, Birmingham,
Ala.)

Again, we listen to the story,
Of that land far over the sea,
Where loved ones are working and toil-
ing,
For Jesus of Calvary.

But these words hold a deeper meaning,
Than any we have heard before,
For they tell of China's awakening,
From the heathen customs of yore.

As I list to this grand old hero,
This dearly loved veteran, gray,
Whose life work will yield a rich har-
vest,
To be garnered in that great day.

I pray that his glorious message,
May sink deep in the hearts of all,
And may many a valiant soldier,
Respond to the gospel's call.

Voices of The Heart. 193

May the past with its old superstitions,
 Its thralldom be torn away,
May we see her emerge from the dark-
 ness,
 This new China of today.

In the East, the dawn now is breaking,
 And the rainbow of promise we see,
For the glory of Christ is encircling,
 This fair land over the sea.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Sometimes in deepest sorrow,
Life's beautiful thoughts are born,
And when no bright tomorrow,
Will come with cloudless dawn.

Like roses when crushed and bleeding,
Give forth their richest perfume,
So from the purified spirit,
Loves sweetest thoughts will bloom.

Out on the world's great highways,
Down in the byways of sin,
Where souls are so faint and weary,
Tired of life's battle and din.

May the voice of some sweet singer,
Full of God's mercy and love,
Fall like a soft benediction,
Wafted from heaven, above.

Oh deep in the hearts of earth's pilgrims,
May beautiful thoughts be sown,
And we pray there'll be a rich harvest,
When we meet around His throne.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

I sit in the deepening twilight,
As falls the sunset rays,
While memories round me gather,
Of dear, Thanksgiving days.

Of the days when laughing children,
With merry hearts so gay,
Romped with childish abandon,
On dear, Thanksgiving day.

Out in the world they have glided,
While I sit in the twilight, gray,
With only memories to gladden
My heart, Thanksgiving day.

Some time in the coming future,
With loved ones far away,
We will meet in sweet reunion
On dear, Thanksgiving day.

LIFE'S SECRET.

Bright visions of hope come to me
again,
Rouse from this slumber in which it has
lain,
My cold dormant soul new impulses
give,
Teach me the great secret, of how to
live.

Some kindly word spoken, some good
deed done,
Wait not for the morrow, or setting of
sun,
Comfort aching hearts, with sorrow
bowed down,
And souls who are struggling, 'neath the
cold world's frown.

Blest spirit of Faith, charm the clouds
away,
And give me fresh courage for duties
each day,

Voices of The Heart. 197

And love with your sweet and rose-tint-
ed dreams,
Cast a spell o'er my life, with your mag-
ic beams!

Let thy light so shine, 'mid earth's dark-
ness and gloom,
Thy kind loving words shed a rich per-
fume,
That others be drawn to Him from afar,
And love, blessed love, be thy guiding
star.

SILENCE.

O, the silence of the night-time!
O, the silence of the year!
When the heart is full of sorrow,
When the eyes are full of tears.

When the earth is wrapped in slumber,
And when Nature's heart seems still,
Then the tide of memory rushes,
O'er the soul, without the will.

O, the silence of the voices!
Of the dearly loved and lost,
How it blights Life's fairest summer
Like an early autumn's frost.

But no pain has ever equaled,
The cold silence of a friend,
One, whose love, we dreamed would
ever
Be Life's solace to the end.

Living griefs give keener torture
Than our dead ones laid to rest,
For Time's soft and gentle fingers,
Soothe their pain, where thorns had
pressed.

O, this life with all its longings,
With its joys, its pain and sorrows,
With hearts estranged, where silence
reigns,
Will there come no glad tomorrows?

COMPENSATION.

If in that future state gaze into thine
eyes,
And feel the clasp of thy loving
hand,
To hear thy magic voice, that thrills my
heart with joy,
Through all the years, I shall under-
stand

Why shadows dark, across my life have
fallen here,
When the days seem so long, and the
years

200 *Voices of The Heart.*

So full of pain, but when the journey
ends we'll meet
And bid farewell to all life's fears.

His voice hath ever calmed the mighty
ocean's roar,
How oft hath stilled the angry bil-
lows, rough—
From out the tempest dark, I stretch my
arms to Him,
"Father stay thy hand, it is enough."

And when the morning, fair, upon my
soul shall break,
Vanished the sorrow of passing years,
If only in the sunlight of Thy smile to
live—
Compensation after all life's tears.

OCTOBER.

Oh! brown-eyed goddess of the year,
 With robes of dazzling hue,
'Mid all thy lovely sister months,
 There's none compares with you.

On noiseless wings the summer hours
 Glide by, and chilly grows the air,
Beneath the Frost-king's icy touch
 The roses droop, where once so fair.

A subtle charm, a restful calm,
 Seems hovering over wood and glen,
A retrospective mood comes on,
 And then we dream "what might
 have been."

The squirrels chatter as they work,
 Laying by their winter store,
And birds, in soft voice melodies,
 Breaking the silence o'er and o'er.

202 *Voices of the Heart.*

Brown leaves, green leaves, yellow and
red,

They hang in clusters side by side,
The sunlight gleams with a radiance
bright,

In all the glory of autumn-tide.

Fair realm of nature, thou dost speak
In voice attuned to highest praise;
Thy low, sweet tone in cadence rare,
In golden-hued October days.

Soul Longings.

LIFE'S DRAMA.

"We live in deeds, not years," one has
truly said,
Character is all that's left, when life has
fled,
How short the time on action's stage we
play,
Heroes in life's drama, dreamers of a
day.

May we act well our part, and when
the play is o'er,
May it be said, "'Twas nobly done,"
what more
Could verdict be, as through the silent
halls,
We make our exit, and the curtain falls.

RECOGNITION.

"Shall I not know thee in that land of
bliss"

Beloved one, though parted here in this?
Thy tender smile so full of love will be
Which in this earth-life drew all hearts
to thee.

I cannot dream of happiness beyond
This "vale of tears" without thy love so
fond,
Heaven would not be Heaven without
thee, dear,
Thy voice will be the first I'll long to
hear.

And I'll kneel at the foot of Our Fa-
ther's throne
In thankful praise His tender mercies
own,
I shall know why trial our life still mars,
How darkest night brings out the
brightest stars.

Though our barks be tossed on Life's
 billowy sea,
Yet Our Father will ever the Pilot be,
His promises stand out as beacon lights,
Dispelling the gloom of the darkest
 nights.

In that land of bliss I shall know thee
 again,
Where falleth no shadow, no weary
 pain,
In that sweet reunion, this earth-life will
 seem
As a tender memory, a faded dream.

'NEATH THE DAISIES.

Far away where the south wind is blowing,
And softly falls the summer night,
Where the mocking-bird sings his lullaby,
My baby sleeps 'neath the daisies white.

A broken lily, we laid her to sleep,
The shadows deepened, excluding the light;
How long have been the years, so full of pain—
I dream of her still, 'neath the daisies white.

Our Father knows best, some day we shall see,
Why on our home hath fallen a blight,
May His love descend, soft as twilight as dews,
Where my darling sleeps, 'neath the daisies white.

And when earth shall fade from my vision,
And heaven dawns on my sight,
I hope they will lay me beside her,
To sleep 'neath the daisies white.

WRECKED.

On some rock-bound coast I seem to stand,
As I gaze into a starless night,
The waves dash high where the bark went down,
Burying its precious freight from sight.

O God how desolate! my brain seems dazed,
For that bark held all that was dear to me,
Faith, Hope and Love, may we meet again,
Meet in the dawn of Eternity.

'NEATH THE STARLIT SKIES.

Out 'neath the starlit skies you are sleep-
ing,

And I hear the winter winds moan,
While about me the shadows are creep-
ing,

As I travel life's pathway, alone.

O, it seems that my heart is now break-
ing

As I dream of you I love best,
While the gold of the after glow is fad-
ing,

As the sun slowly sinks to his rest.

Will the years bring no balm to my sor-
row?

Will the days glide on leaden wing?
Will my heart ever long that tomorrow
Some peace and joy to my soul will
bring?

For you, dear, I am still watching and
waiting,

And my heart in its anguish cries
For you, love, as the sunset is fading
While you sleep 'neath the starlit
skies.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

The twilight falls but in the chair,
Where he was wont to sit,
The moon-beams shadows flit
And in my heart there is a prayer—

That I may see him face to face
In that dear land of light,
Beyond the starry night,
In God's own time and by his grace.

WE SHALL KNOW.

Dear heart, you and I shall know some
day
Why life's sweetest joys have faded
away,
Why the sunshine was dimm'd, why the
shade,
Why sorrow's burdens upon us were
laid.

212 *Voices of the Heart.*

We shall know why the darkness, why
the tears
In life's happiest hours, shadowy fears;
Why hope's fairest flowers bloom but to
decay,
Dear heart we shall know, some sweet
day.

After life's conflicts, after life's woes,
After the victory, sweet repose;
Our storm-tossed souls surely anchored
will say:
"Our Father knows best," some sweet
day.

Some day we shall meet, on that silvery
strand,
Our loved ones who wait us, a happy
band,
In glad hallelujahs, hossannas on high,
Dear heart we shall know in the sweet
bye and bye.

AMID THE SHADOWS.

My brain is dazed—God seems far
 away,
The words die on my lips—I cannot
 pray;
I stretch my arms into the deepening
 gloom,
To clasp some promise that lights up the
 tomb.

The way seems dark—no star beams
 for me,
But lo, in the distance a light I see—
It gleams from the cross and my strick-
 en soul
Gathers fresh courage and presses for
 the goal.

O Christ, in mercy take me to Thy
 heart;
Soothe my tortured soul, stay the tears
 that start—
On wings of faith let my spirit soar;
Let thy love dispel shadows forever
 more.

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh, mother dear, in thy far away home,
Dost thou ever hear a sigh or a moan,
From lonely heart that loved thee so
 dear,
Thy first born, dear one, still lingering
 here?

We are told in that fair realm of the
 blessed,
No pain can enter, no shadow shall rest,
Life's burdens have all been laid aside,
No saddened thoughts through memory
 glide.

Earth's sorrowing children can not con-
 ceive,
Of a bliss so perfect, the heart can ne'er
 grieve,
Where flowers of love, breathe a sweet
 perfume,
Banished forever, all sadness and gloom.

Oh, comforting thought in that great be-
yond,

We'll meet our loved ones, so trusting
and fond,

No tear-drops shall fall in that home
above,

Happiness full in His infinite love.

BEREAVEMENT.

The house seems strangely still—I list
 in vain
For his loved voice; and must it ne'er
 again
In accents sweet fall on my listening
 ear?
God give me strength this bitter grief to
 bear!

The days go by, his footsteps on the stair
I hear no more; and yet, the day is fair,
For nature seems to wear her brightest
 smile,
When my poor heart is breaking all the
 while.

'Tis mockery, all, to my bleeding heart;
Sunshine and flowers in grief hath no
 part—
And the world moves on as when he
 was here,
While I watch and wait for his words
 of cheer.

A HEART CRY.

Father take my hand,
The night is so dark, so lonely the way;
The wind is so chill, and no stars' faint
ray
Lights up the deep gloom where I stand.

I lift up my voice,
"Will the dawn never come? Will no
glad day
With radiant smile, chase the night
away,
My pathway to cheer and bid me re-
joice?"

Dear Father above,
I know not why sorrow's cup I must
drain,
Tho', with blinding tears I shrink from
the pain,
Yet I will not doubt Thy infinite love.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

"Forever with the Lord"—How softly
 fall the words,

 In cadence sweet on mourner's ear,
As twilight dew on sun-kissed flowers,
 As roseleaves on our loved ones' bier,

"Forever with the Lord"—No other
 word

 To our stricken heart such comfort
 gives,
From Death's dark night a glorious
 dawn,

 "I know that my Redeemer lives."

"Forever with the Lord"—Dear sister
 mine,

 From earthly pain and sorrow free,
In that fair realm of Heavenly bliss
 Thy spirit, now, is waiting me.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF
MARY L.

Dimpled hands are folded now,
No pain disturbs thy marble brow,
Veiled those sweet and dreamy eyes,
Asleep, it seems, our darling lies.

We long for the voice forever still,
The loving caress, the tender will,
The gentle hands that soothed our pain,
The foot-steps we ne'er shall hear again.

We can not see why the pure and good,
Just budding into womanhood,
Why the angel of death should bear her
 away,
Tho', it be to realms of endless day?

O! mourning hearts, look up to God,
Through faith, tho' beneath the sod,
Our darling lies, on angel wings,
Her spirit soars—a seraph sings.

O PROMISE ME.

O! promise me that when with bated
 breath,
I wait the presence of the Angel, Death,
You will be near me, guide my falter-
 ing feet,
And cheer and comfort me in accents
 sweet.

O! come to me when, I'm leaving time's
 shore—
Clasp me close to your heart as in day's
 of yore!
Triumphant o'er death our love shall be,
Promise me, Love, O promise me.

"HE LEADETH ME."

My pathway is shrouded in darkness,
And no light in the distance I see,
And my feet are weary with climbing,
Yet I know that "He leadeth me."

Though, my soul may oft times question,
Yet, O, may His promises be,
As a light that will guide my footsteps
In the way that "He leadeth me."

"He leadeth me beside the still waters,"
He leads o'er the stormy sea,
May I hear above the dark billows,
His voice, that is leading me.

O, I long to reach the summit,
Of Pisgah's mount, and see
God's love for His tempted children,
His mercy in leading me.

A RETROSPECT.

The dying year, with radiant smile,
Is bidding us all good-bye,
As the Christian soldier bids farewell
To this life without a sigh.

In the passing years, have we lived, O
friend,
As we'd wish when that day shall come,
When God shall say, "Depart from
Me,"
Or "Enter thy rest, well done."

Have we soothed the grief of sorrowing
ones?
Have we bound up the broken heart?
Have we spoken kind words to tempted
souls,
And helped them to life's better part?

MY SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.

Ah, how long has been the year,
Since you left us, sister mine,
How slow has been the flight of time,
Since thy spirit has flown
To that far off unknown,
And I so lonely here.

This is thy natal day,
From out the shadows dark,
Oh, for some heavenly spark
To light the deep'ng gloom
That clusters round the tomb,
O, for one word I pray.

O, in thy home above,
Art thou happy now with those
Who are freed from sorrow's woes,
And dost thy heart ne'er yearn,
And canst thou ne'er return
To shed one ray of love?

224 *Voices of the Heart.*

No answer comes unto my moan,
And blinding tears fall thick and fast,
As memory now recalls the past,
And childhood hours and girlhood
days
Come back to me from out the haze,
Of years—I sob, “alone! alone.”

THE PROMISE.

Dear heart, what a brilliant glow in the
West
Lights up the sunset skies;
But the evening's chill comes o'er me,
And a mist is dimming my eyes.
Dear heart, O tell me, O tell me,
Is life ebbing out so fast?
Your promise to come, to come at life's
close,
You have faithfully kept at the last.
O pray that the Angel of Death may be
stayed,
For my last communion with thee;
With you beside me, I have no fears,
If only your face I see.

Ah, I had not dreamed what life "might
have been,"

'Till we met 'neath fair sunny skies,
When soul spoke to soul, as my hand
you clasped,

With the love-light dawn in your
eyes.

My heart has cried out in the anguish
of years,

And in sorrow and silence I've wept,
That our lives were so marred, cruel
fate should divide,

But your promise you've faithfully
kept.

Let me feel the warm clasp of your dear
loving hand,

O, whisper sweet words of cheer,
As I cross the "dark valley," 'twill seem
as a dream,

Your love and your promise so dear.

But only a moment, my soul will be
changed

To a ministering angel to thee,

226 *Voices of the Heart.*

I'll brighten your life, I'll soothe your
 dark hours,
And this *my promise* shall be.

And I'll kneel at Our Father's feet and
 ask,
 May I stand at the "Beautiful Gate"
To welcome you home, to part never-
 more,
To watch for your coming and wait.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

Years ago in a Southern village,
 Nestling 'mid trees so green,
Was a home of sylvan beauty,
 An Eden fair, it seemed.

Round columns and wide verandas
 Were twined the roses sweet,
And their perfume and their fragrance,
 Were wafted down the street.

Hyacinths, jonquils, narcissus,
 Crocus and snow-drops fair,

And the sweet little heartsease and pansies,
Blended their beauty, rare.

Swinging in his cage—the canary,
Would trill his sweetest note,
And strangers would pause to listen,
To his song in melody float.

And the dear little pink-eyed “bunnies,”
Scampering through the flowers,
How they like to play in the garden,
All through the summer hours.

Within where flowers and pictures,
Books, volumes rich and rare,
And the pearl inlaid piano,
Seemed waiting for fingers fair.

A home of charming beauty,
Sweet as a poet's dream,
With its easy grace and culture,
A lovelier ne'er was seen.

But the angel of death now hovers,
With dark and shadowy wings,

228 *Voices of the Heart.*

Deep gloom was upon the household—
His coming always brings.

Within a darkened chamber,
Lay one whose sands of life,
Were slowly, slowly ebbing,
And beside him knelt the wife.

He turned upon his pillow,
And then with labored breath,
Clasping her close, he whispered,
"Dearest, faithful unto death."

And taking the hand of the mother,
He laid in that of the son,
"This is a trust from your father,
Be true to this, dear one."

Then turning his eyes to heaven,
He seemed as if in prayer,
And with "Lord receive my spirit,"
His soul was freed from care.

Long had the shadows gathered,
Around that lovely home,
All the bitter brief and anguish,
None but God had known.

Through days and nights of vigil
When the lamp of life burned low,
Her voice would soothe the terrors,
The delirious only know.

Amid those times of raving,
When the hours brought no relief,
God gave the lonely mother,
Strength to bear her bitter grief.

And when all was over—reason,
Seemed tottering on her throne,
And loved ones soothed her anguish,
Brought back the memory flown.

God gives His sorrowing children,
Amid life's trials here,
Strength to walk in paths of duty,
Tho' the way seems dark and drear.

Fame may twine the brow with laurels,
And the world may give its wealth,
But no words give sweeter comfort,
Than those, "Faithful unto death."

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